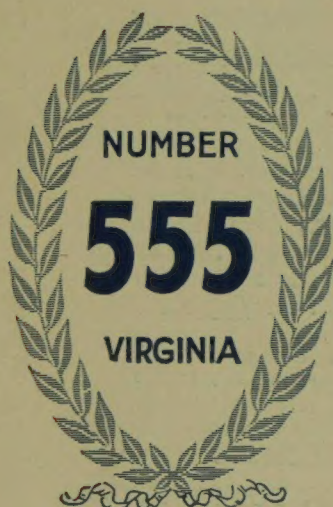


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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/



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20 Million bottles sold yearly.

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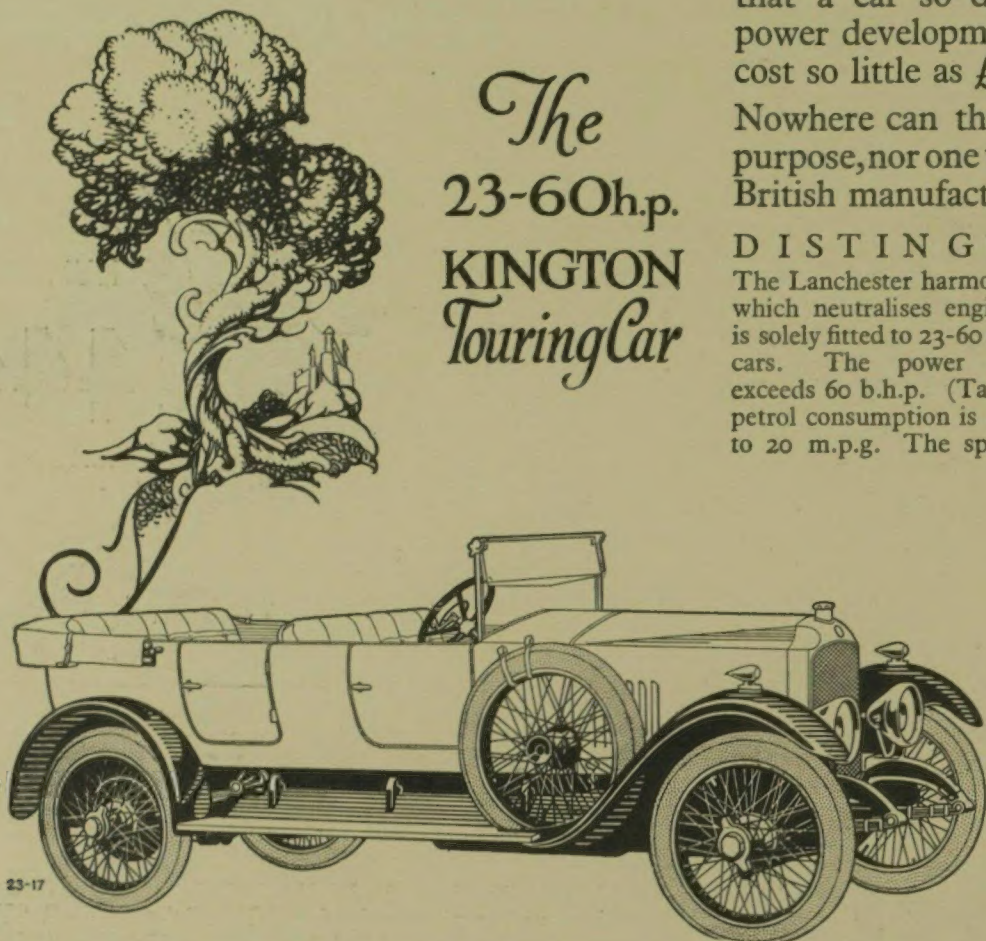


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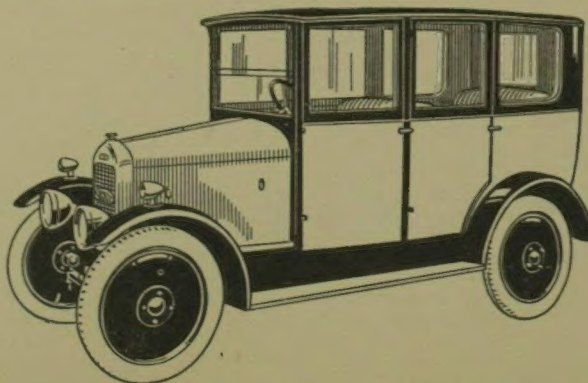
10 h.p. Popular Two-Seater, £200. 10 h.p. Popular Four-Seater, £210. 10 h.p. De Luxe Two-Seater, £225. 10 h.p. De Luxe Four-Seater, £235. 10 h.p. Saloon, Weymann Body, £275. 14 h.p. Six-Cylinder Four-Seater, £500. Two-Seater, £450. Weymann Saloon, £500. Rotax Lighting and Starting Equipment. All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments through any Singer Agent. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1924.

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IN MINISTERIAL UNIFORM: THE SECRETARY FOR WAR, THE RT. HON. STEPHEN WALSH—AND HIS SECRETARY, MR. LYON.

The Pacifist Amendment to the Army Estimates moved in the House of Commons on March 17, proposing to reduce the Army by 150,000 men, was rejected by 334 votes to 13. The Secretary for War, Mr. Stephen Walsh, had shown by his speech on the Estimates a few days before that he was not in favour of further reductions beyond those provided for. He mentioned that the Estimates had been prepared by his predecessor, and that he was satisfied that they had been framed with due regard to

efficiency, economy, and the needs of the country. "The Estimates of last year," he said, "were £52,000,000; this year they are £45,000,000. The total number of troops to be voted this year is 152,592, against 154,536—a reduction of 2000 men. Thus a very large monetary saving has been made at the expense of a very small reduction of man-power." Mr. Walsh is here seen leaving the War Office to attend the King's second Levée of the season.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM AITKEN.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE are many excellent societies, organising debates as well as dances or concerts, which are careful to explain to their lecturers that they must not talk about politics or religion. What else there really is in the world to talk about, I do not know. But these societies probably do not realise the scope of their own statement. They would be surprised, for instance, if I were to object to one of their concerts at which the proceedings concluded with the National Anthem. Yet obviously if there ever was one self-evident, solid, compact compendium of religion and politics, it is in the four words, "God Save the King." Personally I do not object either to the politics or the religion; on the contrary, I would sing with peculiar fervour the lines which are commonly omitted: "Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks," being prepared, if necessary, to mention a few names by way of illustration from contemporary history and fashionable society. But certainly the refrain in question does consist, first, of a quite definite theological dogma; and, second, of a positive recommendation of a particular political arrangement. It could not be supported by an atheist or a devil-worshipper of any delicacy of conscience; nor by any practical professional regicide with scruples and fine feelings. These societies generally reply vaguely that it is undenominational religion, or that it is not party politics. But this seems to me very insecure and accidental. There have been groups denominated atheist, and there have been parties avowedly regicide. And I should vastly prefer things thus honestly described and declared; I know there are people who are cowed by the scale of the big stars, or feel themselves helpless in a flood of evolutionary change, and who then say they believe in God in a sense. But I should class them with people who should deliberately go and shoot the King, and then say they were saving the King in a sense, from the work and worry of his royal duties.

Anyhow, an incident of this kind set me reflecting upon what people mean by being impartial; by being undenominational or undogmatic; by being non-political or non-party, or non-controversial. Generally it means something very simple indeed. It means that some people suppose the whole world to be of their denomination; and therefore anything that agrees with them is universal and anything that disagrees with them insane. It means simply that they have never disputed their own dogma, and do not even know that it has ever been disputed. In other words, it simply means that they are very good, sincere, and serious people, only provincial or local or limited in the very last degree. But the curious thing is that this provincial assumption can be found in all sorts of people who are not at all, in the ordinary sense, provincial; for instance, in good classical scholars or good literary critics. I have known several examples in my own experience of this inconsistency appearing in the field of literary criticism; of the very sort of thing that is supposed to be colourless in the controversial sense. I hope it will not appear egotistical to take such examples from experience, merely because they do not depend on hearsay.

For example, some years ago I was asked to write a little book on Victorian literature, for a series edited by good academic authorities. They were very complimentary and courteous, but they thought it their duty to preface the book with a note explaining that they were not responsible for my opinions, with the implication that the opinions were rather wild. As a matter of fact, in so far as the opinions implied were more or less mystical, they belonged to what is by far the commonest, the most cosmopolitan, and the most popular sort of mysticism. Anyhow, they thought it necessary to protect their own impartiality. Many of them were men whom I

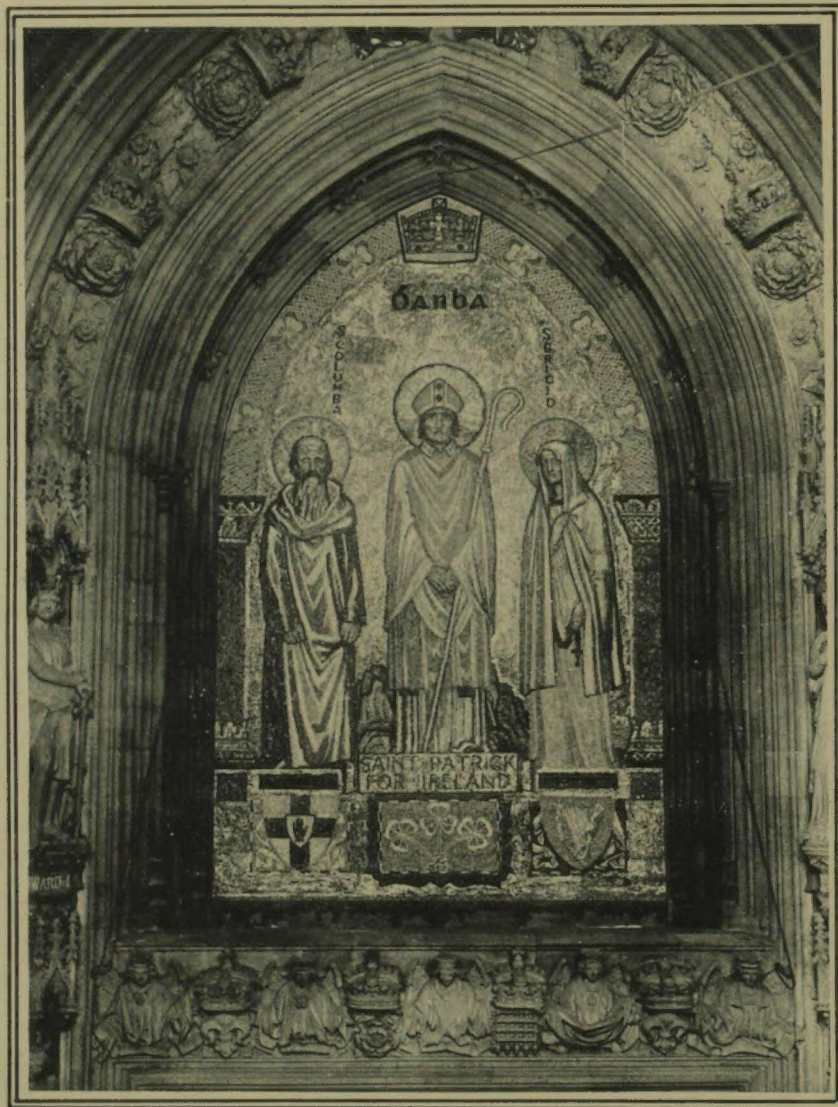
greatly admire; nor was their action one which I in any way resent. But I confess I was amused some time after in opening a book in the same series called "A History of Free Thought," or some such name, by an ordinary academic agnostic. This book was devoted entirely, down to the last detail, to demonstrating the proposition that religion has been a nonsensical nightmare from first to last, that Christianity is dead, and that the world is well rid of it. There was no preliminary note of apology to that. There was no warning against that bias; there was no disavowal of that partisanship. Nor can it be explained by supposing that it referred to the facts and not the theories of the agnostic and myself. I could easily imagine that my information was sometimes incorrect; but it is quite sufficient to save me from supposing that his was always correct. There

I might say he is too sincere to contain himself about them, without breaking out into the sort of healthy remonstrance which is controversial rather than critical. I am the last person in the world to complain of this; for it is what I have done with every single author I have ever written about. But here, again, what interests me is that it is not done to everybody. The same review considered all sorts of modern pessimists and atheists merely as artists. The writers did not argue with Thomas Hardy, and try to prove to him that life is not a cockpit of cruelty for the cold laughter of the gods. They did not quarrel with the Shropshire Lad for saying that all our passions are vain, and it is better to be dead. They would not think it necessary to provide an antidote of argument to the poisonous pessimism of "The Island of the Penguins." For they have a vague idea that all this stale and stagnant scepticism is now the normal air of the world; which shows they are rather ignorant of the world. As I say, I am myself only too delighted that the critic should controvert with me: among other benefits, it gives me a text for this article. I should be delighted to controvert with him; and I do not think it would be difficult to defend what he condemns. He complains, for instance, of my saying that natural law is not inevitable, because the moon is not logically connected with the tide, any more than the moon with the moonstruck lover. He thinks this is answered by saying that the first two things always go together, and the other two only occasionally. But this is a failure to understand my statement, or what is meant by a logical connection. What I said was that moon and tide do not make one thing in the sense that two and two make four. And the test, as I also said, is the imagination. We can imagine a moon without a tide, or a tide without a moon. We cannot imagine two and two not making four. In other words, such a critic really answers himself, even in saying that the two things always go together. For he admits they are two things, and therefore need not always go together. Four and $2 + 2$ are not two things; they are one thing stated in two different ways.

What I was pointing out was that natural sequence is a mysterious thing which is not truly inevitable, because we could imagine something different; and that this does not apply to the sequences that really are inevitable, such as those of logic and mathematics. I was not maintaining that the repetitions in nature are not real, or that it is not reasonable to reckon on them for practical purposes. I was only maintaining that, as we do not know the reason of the repetition, it might just as well be a consistent will as an inevitable law. All this is an argument on which I should be delighted to dilate elsewhere; indeed, I am thinking of writing a series of articles in answer to some recent critics of my views in general. But I only mention it here as another example of the curious confusion about what is controversial as distinct from critical; and why one man may steal and ride the horse, though it be the horrible nightmare, while another may not look over the hedge and compare it, even in jest, to the hedge of fairyland.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

We trust that our readers have kept the red and green films for viewing our Anaglyphs, as others will appear in our next issue. Readers who have damaged or mislaid the films may obtain an extra pair, price sixpence, post free. Also, special Anaglyph Viewing-Masks have been prepared, and will be supplied post free for one shilling. Address: "The Illustrated London News," 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.



UNVEILED IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ON THE 1462ND ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAINT'S DEATH: THE MOSAIC TO ST. PATRICK, A COMPANION TO THE PANELS OF ST. GEORGE, ST. ANDREW, AND ST. DAVID.

The mosaic is in the central hall of the Palace of Westminster, is the gift of Mr. Patrick Ford, formerly M.P. for North Edinburgh, and is the work of Mr. Anning Bell, R.A. It shows St. Patrick between St. Columban and St. Bridget. The unveiling ceremony was performed by Mrs. Ford.

Photograph by C.N.

were no dates in my book, so they could not be put right; but it was afterwards shown that the dates in his book were wildly wrong. No; the simple explanation is that the editors did not think his bias was a bias. They thought that sort of secularism was simply sanity; what has been called the religion of all sensible men. As a matter of fact, there are many more sensible men, many more intelligent and instructed men, in modern Europe agreeing with me than agreeing with them. But they lived in a rather limited world, and within it they acted honestly according to their lights.

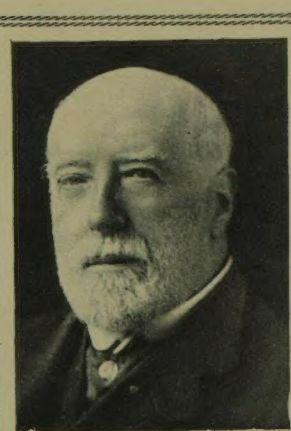
Here is another case in my own experience. The excellent popular series called "The Outline of Literature and Art" contains a very complete series of notices of contemporary writers, including one on myself. This, again, is far too complimentary in a literary sense; but the critic is far too sincere to be able to write about my views without attacking them.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

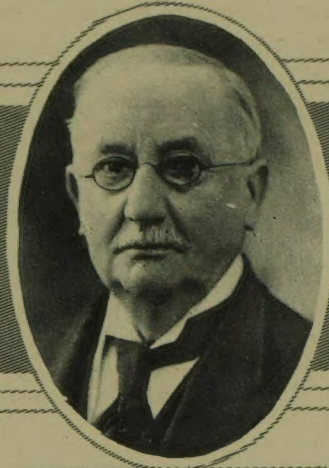
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, ELLIOT AND FRY, BASSANO, ANSELMO, C.N., MILLAR AND SCOTT, VANDYK, AND C.P.



THE NEW A.D.C. GENERAL TO THE KING: LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE DE S. BARROW.



SCHOLAR AND ANTIQUARY: THE LATE DR. WALTER DE GRAY BIRCH.



ORGANIST AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY 43 YEARS: THE LATE SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.



FORMERLY ARCHDEACON OF BRISTOL: THE LATE DR. J. G. TETLEY.



NOW PRINCIPE DI MONTE-NEVOSO: GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.



WINNERS IN THE GREAT RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH AT TWICKENHAM: THE ENGLISH FIFTEEN—(LEFT TO RIGHT) IN BACK ROW—W. G. E. LUDDINGTON, H. M. LOCKE, G. S. CONWAY, R. EDWARDS, H. P. JACOB, H. C. CATCHESIDE, A. ROBSON, L. J. CORBETT. SITTING—R. COVE-SMITH, E. MYERS, W. W. WAKEFIELD (CAPT.), A. T. VOYCE, AND A. F. BLAKISTON. ON GROUND—B. S. CHANTRILL AND A. T. YOUNG.



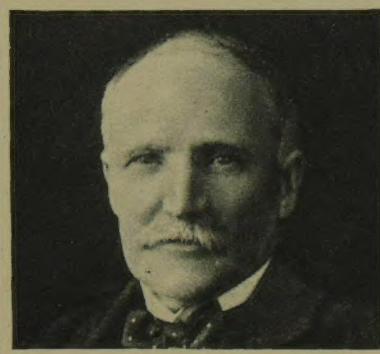
LOSERS OF THE GREAT RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH AT TWICKENHAM: THE SCOTTISH FIFTEEN—(LEFT TO RIGHT) IN BACK ROW—A. C. GILLIES, D. M. BERTRAM, D. S. DAVIES, R. G. HENDERSON, G. G. AITKEN, R. A. HOWIE, I. S. SMITH, AND A. C. WALLACE. SITTING—D. DRYSDALE, W. E. BRYCE, J. C. R. BUCHANAN (CAPT.), J. M. BANNERMAN, AND J. R. LAWRIE. ON GROUND—G. P. S. MACPHERSON AND H. WADDELL.



AFTER ITS UNVEILING BY SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON: THE MEMORIAL TO LORD LISTER, IN PORTLAND PLACE, W.



WIFE OF THE NEW LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: MRS. JAMES BROWN.



THE LABOUR LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: MR. JAMES BROWN, M.P.



THE WEDDING OF A WOMAN DIPLOMAT: SIR A. KAY MUIR AND LADY MUIR (MLLE. STANCIOFF).

Sir George de S. Barrow, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., takes the place of General Sir Havelock Hudson, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., retired.—Dr. de Gray Birch, who has died at Monte Carlo at the age of 82, was for thirty-eight years in the MSS. Department of the British Museum, and made a special study of Anglo-Saxon, Mediæval Latin, Portuguese, and Spanish, in connection with his work in examining and arranging MSS. charters and seals.—Sir Frederick Bridge was organist of Westminster Abbey from 1875 to 1918.—Dr. Tetley was Canon Residentiary of Bristol from 1892 and Archdeacon from 1910 until his retirement in 1921. He wrote "Old Times and New" and "Forty Years Ago and After."—The King of Italy has marked the annexation of Fiume by conferring upon the soldier-poet, Gabriele D'Annunzio, the title of Principe di Montenevoso. In accepting, D'Annunzio referred to himself as "The White Lancer."—Sir John Bland-

Sutton, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, unveiled the Lister Memorial in place of Sir Charles Sherrington, President of the Royal Society, who was absent through illness.—Mr. James Brown has represented South Ayrshire in the Labour interest since the end of 1918. Until his appointment, the Lord High Commissioner was always a Peer. He was a miner.—The marriage of Mlle. Nadejda Stancioff, eldest daughter of the Bulgarian Minister in London, and Sir Alexander Kay Muir of Blair Drummond, Perthshire, took place on March 17. The bride nursed in military hospitals in Paris during the war; has attended most of the European Conferences since 1919, as translator and as political secretary; and was appointed First Secretary to the Bulgarian Legation at Washington, although she did not take up the post. Sir Alexander Kay Muir is the second Baronet and a widower. He was born in April 1868.

FROM THE CAMEROONS TO CAIRO: A GREAT JOURNEY ACROSS NORTHERN AFRICA BY A FAMOUS FRENCH TRAVELLER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. BRUNEAU DE LABORIE.



"SUGGESTING A ROUGH IMITATION, IN CLAY, OF AN OLD FRENCH CHATEAU": A CHIEF'S HOUSE AT LÉRÉ, IN THE CAMEROONS, WITH NATIVES ON THE ROOF AND OUTSIDE.



WITH TWO MAOULIS (NATIVES IN GROTESQUE AS DEMONS IN THEIR POWER:



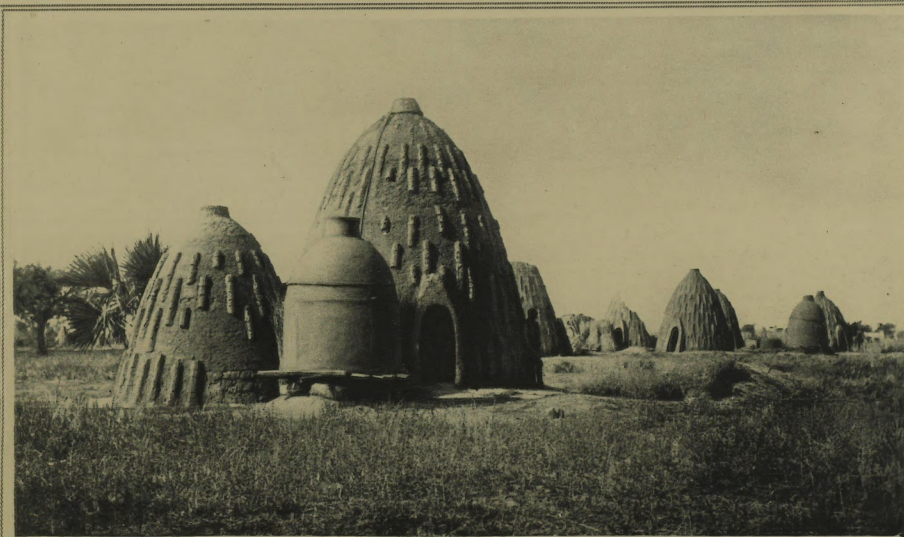
COSTUME, WHOM THE TRIBAL PRIESTS REPRESENT A GROUP OF MOUNDANGS.



WITH PRIMITIVE LADDERS LEADING TO LOFTS ABOVE THE DWELLING-ROOMS: WOMEN'S QUARTERS AT THE HOUSE OF THE CHIEF OF LÉRÉ (CENTRAL FIGURE OF THREE ON LEFT).



SHeltered BY THE HIGH PARASOL THAT IS A PRIVILEGE OF SOVEREIGNTY, AND ATTENDED BY FAN-BEARERS TO KEEP OFF THE FLIES: THE LAMIDO (OR SULTAN) OF NGAOUNDÉRE, WITH HIS FOLLOWERS, AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF M. BRUNEAU DE LABORIE.



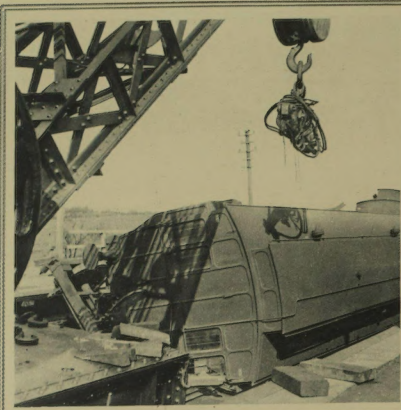
PECULIAR ARCHITECTURE IN A COUNTRY SUBJECT TO FLOODS: "MASSAS" HOUSES NEAR THE VILLAGE OF POUS, ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER LOGONE, A TRIBUTARY OF THE CHARI, WHERE FLOODS MAKE THE PLAINS IMPASSABLE FOR SEVERAL MONTHS EVERY YEAR.

These interesting photographs were taken by the French explorer, M. Bruneau de Laborie, during his remarkable journey last year across Northern Africa, from the Cameroons to Cairo, by way of Lake Chad and the Libyan Desert, which he crossed by a route never before taken by a white man. At the oasis of Kufra he was received by the Senussi chief, Sidi Mohammed. For this journey M. de Laborie has just been awarded the Gold Medal of the Société de Géographie, and has lectured at the Sorbonne about his experiences. In an article describing the first part of his journey, in the Cameroons, he writes: "One must first cross the coast belt of equatorial forest; then, further north, the vast plateau of Ngaoundéré; and, further north again, up to Lake Chad, plains which are flooded every year by the waters of the Logone and the Chari, and rendered impassable for several months. One has to choose the season. It was at Tibati that I first met one of the chiefs, called Lamidos, whom the French maintain in power under their own control. . . . Another chief, the

Lamido of Ngaoundéré, likewise accorded me a great reception. Accompanied by our minister, M. Lozet, I met the chief some miles from his village surrounded by soldiers, sheltered beneath the high parasol which forms the privilege of sovereignty, and attended by fan-bearers to keep off importunate flies from the royal countenance. Later I visited the region and beautiful lake of Léré. The villages here have a curious aspect; they are agglomerations of small clay turrets, the upper part, reached by a primitive ladder, serving as a barn, and the lower part as a dwelling. The natives are called Moundangs. The Maoilis (shown in one photograph) are natives masked, disguised, and kept apart by the priests, who pass them off as demons whom they hold in subjection. Two of these strange beings took part in a 'tam-tam' given on the occasion of my arrival. These tall, black, heavy forms marching slowly, silently, and always together, produced a sinister impression of devilry, mystery, and savagery amid the gay festival."

AT HOME AND ABROAD: INTERESTING ITEMS OF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, CONTINENTAL "DAILY MAIL," C.N., I.B., KEYSTONE VIEW CO., CENTRAL PRESS,



THE YORKSHIRE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN WHICH 14 PASSENGERS WERE INJURED: AN OVERTURNED COACH AT BROMPTON, NEAR NORTHALLERTON.



THE TROUBLE WITH AKALIS AT JAITO IN THE PUNJAB ON FEBRUARY 21: THE FIRST AKALI ARRESTED (SEEN ON EXTREME LEFT, HELD BY THE WRIST) BY A POLICE OFFICER.



THE HOMECOMING OF FRENCH DEAD FROM ENGLAND: THE SERVICE AT CALAIS—EACH COFFIN COVERED WITH THE TRICOLOUR AND A WREATH OF BAY LEAVES FROM THE DOVER GARRISON.



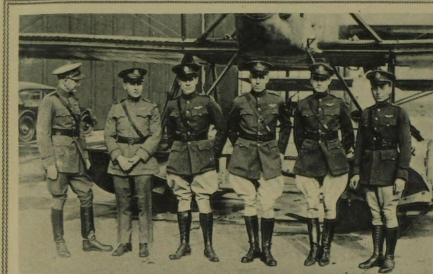
AN ARTISTIC WAR MEMORIAL AT GENOA: A TRIUMPHAL ARCH COVERED WITH SCULPTURE, WITH AN INSCRIPTION RECORDING ITALY'S VICTORY OVER AUSTRIA.



THE ABBEY ELECTION: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ADDRESSING BREWERY EMPLOYEES AT VICTORIA—SHOWING MRS. CHURCHILL (ON THE LEFT).

CURRENT NEWS ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

AND PHOTOPRESS. THE ILLUSTRATION OF "EVERYMAN" FROM AN IMPRESSION BY ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY.



THE U.S. ARMY WORLD FLIGHT: (L. TO R.) LIEUT. ERIK NELSON, LIEUT. LEIGH WADE, LIEUT. LE CLAIER SCHULZE, MAJOR F. L. MARTIN (COMMANDER), LIEUT. LOWELL SMITH AND LIEUT. LESLIE ARNOLD.



HONOURING THE FRENCH DEAD ON THEIR RETURN TO THEIR OWN COUNTRY: BRITISH SOLDIERS AT DOVER CARRYING THE COFFINS AT THE MARINE STATION TO THE DESTROYER "AIGLE."



FAVOURITE FOR THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP AND WINNER OF THE FRENCH TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS: CAPTAIN J. D. COHN'S COLT, SIR GALLAHAD III.



THE FIRST PLAY GIVEN IN KING'S CHAPEL AT CAMBRIDGE SINCE QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VISIT IN 1564: THE PERFORMANCE OF "EVERYMAN" BY THE OLD VIC COMPANY.



LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR THE ABBEY SEAT: MR. J. SCOTT DUGGAN.



LABOUR CANDIDATE FOR THE ABBEY SEAT: MR. FENNER BROCKWAY.



CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR THE ABBEY SEAT: MR. OTHO NICHOLSON.

Fourteen passengers were injured, four of them seriously, in a railway accident at Brompton, near Northallerton, on March 17, when three coaches of a train from Leeds to West Hartlepool were derailed, and one (the last) was completely capsized. The cause of the derailment was not known.—At Jaito, in the Punjab, on February 21, a *jatha* (band) of 500 Akali Sikhs arrived to hold a *marcha* (siege) of a Sikh shrine. The members of the *jathas* had taken a vow of non-violence, but they were accompanied by a mob of some 6000 armed Akalis, who attempted to rush the State officials. As they refused to halt when called on, the Administrator was obliged to open fire, causing about 50 casualties. The whole *jatha* and about 200 of the mob were arrested.—Major Frederick L. Martin and Lieutenants Lowell H. Smith and Leigh Wade, of the U.S. Army Air Service expedition attempting a flight round the world, started on March 17 from Santa Monica, California, in three Douglas "World Cruisers." At Sacramento they arranged to join Lieut. Erik H. Nelson, the fourth member of the party. The expedition has been very carefully organised.—On March 15 the French destroyer "Aigle" took home to France, from Dover,

the bodies of 28 French soldiers and sailors who died in England during the war. On each coffin, draped in the Tricolour, was a wreath of green bay leaves, a tribute from the Dover garrison. The coffins were carried on board the "Aigle" by British soldiers, with military honours, and the Castle guns saluted as the ship put out to sea.—Polling in the Westminster (Abbey Division) by-election was fixed for Wednesday, March 19.—"Everyman," the fifteenth-century Morality play, was performed in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, on March 15, by the Old Vic company. It was the first occasion on which a play had been produced there since Queen Elizabeth paid a state visit to Cambridge in 1564, and witnessed three plays in the chapel. In her day a stage was built right across the ante-chapel immediately west of the screen. "Everyman" was performed on the 15th without any stage, scenery, or setting, and, as it was given in broad daylight, the players wore no make-up. The door in the organ-screen symbolised the entrance to the grave. In the scene illustrated above, Everyman's eyes are uplifted to Heaven, as he knows that his sins are forgiven.

THE "DERBY" OF COURSING: THE WATERLOO CUP MEETING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



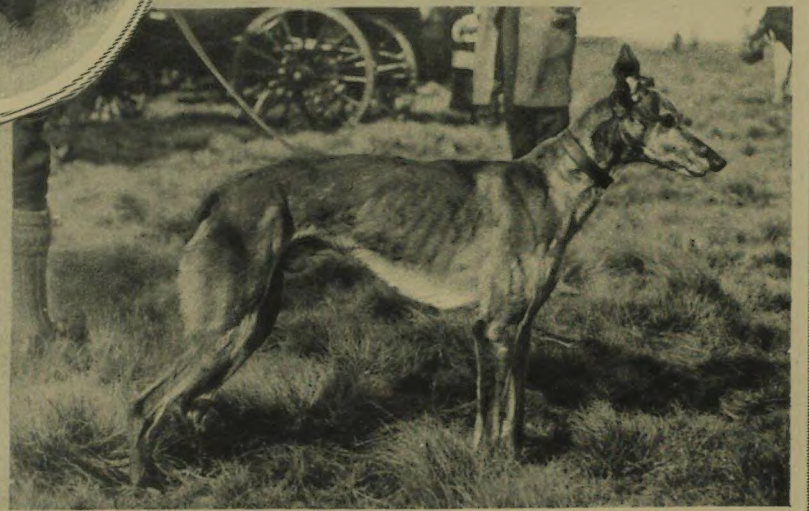
THE WINNER: CUSHY JOB, WHICH BEAT WHITECHAPEL.



A SEMI-FINALIST: MAH-A-BUACAILL; BEATEN BY WHITECHAPEL.



A SEMI-FINALIST: BRIGADE MAJOR; BEATEN BY CUSHY JOB.



THE RUNNER-UP: WHITECHAPEL; BEATEN BY CUSHY JOB.

THE WINNER: CUSHY JOB.



BEFORE THE DECIDING COURSE, IN WHICH HE DEFEATED WHITECHAPEL: CUSHY JOB RECEIVES ATTENTION.



AFTER HIS WIN: MRS. TELFORD, THE TRAINER'S WIFE, FASTENS THE "BLUE RIBAND" OF THE COURSING WORLD TO CUSHY JOB'S COLLAR.

The winner of the Waterloo Cup, Mr. T. Cook's Cushy Job, running under the nomination of Mr. Gordon Smith, stood at 1000 to 15 on the night of the draw; while at the same time Whitechapel stood at 1000 to 20; Mah-a-Buacail, at 1000 to 60; and Brigade Major at 1000 to 10. Cushy Job started in the deciding course at 3 to 1 on. He is by Staff-Officer out of Bywell Bride, and is in his second season. As a puppy, he was a disappointment, but he now shows exceptional

speed; although in this matter Mah-a-Buacail is, perhaps, his better, for he was the fastest dog in the Stake. The deciding course developed into a very strenuous event. The Waterloo Purse was won by Honeygirl, which beat Melksham Ruby in the Deciding Course; and the Waterloo Plate by Gaulstown Gun, which beat Mutton Cutlet. Honeygirl is the property of Mr. M. L. Hearn, while Gaulstown Gun belongs to Mr. D. J. Gorey.

STRANGE EFFECTS OF WIND ON FALLING WATER: A WEIR AT CANBERRA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.



"THE WATER RUSHING OVER THE WEIR AND CAUGHT BY THE WIND . . . AT ONE MOMENT LOOKS LIKE WISTARIA, THE NEXT IT MIGHT BE AN INTERIOR OF A GORGEOUS CAVE": TROUT-FISHING AT AUSTRALIA'S NEW CAPITAL.

The very curious photographic effect produced by the action of wind on a water-fall is strikingly shown in this illustration. The photograph was taken at Canberra, New South Wales, where a beginning has been made in the building of the future Commonwealth capital, which will be the "Washington" of Australia. Our correspondent who sends the photograph writes: "The water at the Federal capital is noted for its purity. Here the water is rushing over the weir, and, caught by the wind as it falls like a thick curtain, it is thrown

into these fantastic shapes. One moment it looks like wistaria, the next it might be an interior of a gorgeous cave at Jenolan. And, unconscious of its beauty, the fisherman watches his line, and knows not what worry may be, for the trout are biting well. It's a happy, Arcadian life that may be lived in the Federal capital to-day! The first meeting of the Commonwealth Cabinet at Canberra took place on January 30, 1924, at Yarralumla Homestead, near the site of the future Capitol."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE PASSING OF "SANDY."

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

OF London's great institutions, the "Zoo" holds one of the foremost places. And this because, from its inception to the present day, those who have controlled its policy have spared no effort to fulfil its original mission—the formation and upkeep of a collection of animals, rare and otherwise, for the purpose of scientific study. Incidentally, these aims have provided the world at large with a never-ending source of wonder and delight. The "Monkey House" is, perhaps, one of its most attractive features. But for some years the "Great Ape House" has run it very close. Here live the aristocrats of the ape world—the chimpanzee, gorilla, and orang-utan.

For the past nineteen years, the honours of the last-named race had been worthily upheld by "Sandy"—in his latter years one of the finest and most remarkable representatives of his tribe ever seen in captivity. His chief charm, perhaps, lay in his uncouth appearance. One gazed at him with a kind of horrid fascination. His long red shaggy hair—generally entangled with straws from his bed—his quite extraordinary face, with its beady, furtive-looking eyes, seemed to make him the very embodiment of Caliban. His slow deliberate movements made one's flesh creep. Normally docile enough with his keepers, there were times when they had occasion to be thankful that he was safe behind iron bars.

Among the Malays of Borneo, this creature is known as the "Mias," or orang-utan—the "Wild Man of the Woods." Of all the great apes, it is the most highly specialised for an arboreal life, descending rarely to the ground of its own choice. A glance at the hands and feet will show what is meant by this term "specialisation"; for therein the fingers and toes are conspicuously long and permanently curved. Like the feet of the chameleon, they are evidently fashioned, not for walking, but grasping boughs. In walking, the soles of the feet cannot be applied flat to the ground, as in the chimpanzee and gorilla.

Alfred Russel Wallace has left us some vivid descriptions of the habits of the orangs in their native wilds. They make their way from tree to tree, he says, by always choosing those limbs whose branches are intermingled with those of some other tree, and then grasping several of the small twigs together before they venture to swing themselves across. Yet they do this so quickly and certainly that they make their way among trees at the rate of full five or six miles an hour. The orang never jumps, or swings, or seems to hurry, and while on the larger branches walks in a semi-upright position. This attitude is inevitable, from the enormous length of the arms and the shortness of the legs. Moreover, the length of the arm is exaggerated from the fact that during this progress the knuckles, not the palm of the hand, are applied to the bough.

Every night, according to the Malays, the orang builds a "nest" to serve as a bed to sleep on. Sandy himself showed us how this is done, for one night, about eleven years ago, he broke the bonds of his prison and escaped into the grounds. Here he promptly climbed a tree, and built himself a "nest," or platform, on which to pass the night. That nest is still preserved in the tree in which it was built. The food consists almost entirely of fruits, and especially unripe fruits, some of which are very sour, others intensely bitter. An oval green fruit having a fine red arillus, like the mace which surrounds the nutmeg, and the delicious but spiny durian, are especial favourites; but leaves, buds, and young shoots are also eaten.

Domesticity is not a strong point with the orang. The females live by themselves, each accompanied, as a rule, by two of her offspring, one in arms, who clings to the fur of the mother's arm-pits with the hands and to the fur above the hips with the feet; the second youngster apparently about two years old. They are probably not full grown until they are at least fifteen years old; but the males take still

longer to complete their growth. A full-grown male will stand about 4 ft. 2 in.; but he may have a span across the arms of as much as

7 ft. 9 in. It is not, however, mere size or weight which distinguishes the male, but rather the possession of two very singular features, which come under the designation of "secondary sexual characters." It was to the first of these that Sandy, in his latter years, owed so much of his demoniacal appearance—to wit, the great, livid, leathery expansion which surrounded his face, and which is so well shown in the lower photograph (Fig. 1). This is commonly regarded as the outward sign of the attainment of sexual maturity. This view, however, has been challenged by Lord Rothschild—who, indeed, speaks as one having authority in all matters pertaining to the life-histories of the great apes. He contends that, as a matter of fact, the development of this strange sexual "ornament" begins only after the prime of life has been passed. It is a sign of senility, not of excessive vigour, and it is difficult to find a parallel for such a state of affairs. The antlers of deer display a gradual increase in size, and complexity, up to fully adult sexual life. Then, after a year or two, they begin, slowly, to "go back." The only parallels that occur to me at the moment, are furnished by the steatopygia of Hottentot women and the development of resplendent plumage in the case of, for example, hen pheasants as a result of degeneration of the ovaries through injury or disease. Here they may be scarcely distinguishable from the cock.

The second of these two characters is furnished by the presence of an enormous air-sac formed by an out-growth from the top of the wind-pipe, or larynx. This sac, or pouch, forms an inflatable wind-bag which extends round the neck, over the chest, and under the arm-pits. A portion of this strange sac

can be seen as a pendulous fold under the chin in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 1). Its purpose is supposed to serve as a voice resonator, as well as help, as a sort of air-cushion, to support the great head and jaws. The gorilla is similarly provided with such a wind-bag. In the Howler monkeys, a voice resonator is formed by an ossified sac placed in the throat. Its general form is shown in the upper photograph (Fig. 2). Curiously enough, it is interesting to note, vestiges of such pouches are found in the human larynx, relics of a time when man was a "howler" in the wilderness!

The curiously long face and high forehead of the orang stand in

strong contrast with the ferocious beetling brows of the gorilla. A glance at the accompanying photographs of the skulls of the two animals (Figs. 3 and 4) will explain this. The gorilla, as in the fossil Rhodesian man, has enormous bony ridges over the eyes, and a low forehead; while the roof of the skull is marked by a great upstanding median plate of bone for the attachment of the enormous muscles of the jaws. The orang, like the chimpanzee, lacks these excrescences.

To speak of the relationship between these great apes and man is to send a chill down the spine of most people. Yet in bone and muscle and nerve, they are the same, differing only in the relative proportions of the different parts of the body. The differences are those of degree, not of kind. But this is not to say, as Darwin is said to have said, that we are descended from one or other of these creatures. He never said anything of the kind. We are all derivatives of a common stock, but each has gone on, since the parting of the ways, developing his own inherent peculiarities. Hence, even through æons of time, man could never assume the likeness of an ape; neither can the apes ever assume the likeness of the man. Man rises superior to all his lower kin by the fact that he has Reason—though on this subject of kinship he is commonly most unreasonable! And his powers of reasoning are due to the fact that he has a vastly bigger brain. Even the brain of a new-born infant is far greater in volume than that of a six-foot gorilla.



FIG. 2.—THE HOWLER MONKEY'S AID TO VOICE-PRODUCTION: THE BONY SOUND-BOX FROM THE THROAT WHICH ACTS AS A RESONATING CHAMBER—VESTIGES OF WHICH OCCUR IN MAN.

Photograph by R. Rose.



FIG. 3.—SHOWING THE GREAT HEIGHT OF THE FACE AND VERY SLIGHT DEVELOPMENT OF CREST AT TOP OF HEAD FOR ATTACHMENT OF JAW MUSCLES: THE SKULL OF AN ORANG-UTAN—A CONTRAST TO THE GORILLA.



FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE VERY PROMINENT RIDGE ABOVE THE EYE-SOCKETS, GREAT CREST AT TOP OF HEAD FOR ATTACHMENT OF JAW-MUSCLES, AND ENORMOUS CANINES: THE SKULL OF A GORILLA—A CONTRAST TO THE ORANG-UTAN.—[Photographs by R. Rose.]



FIG. 1.—WITH A HUGE FOLD OF SKIN DEVELOPED ROUND THE FACE IN LATER LIFE, AND AIR-SAC UNDER THE NECK: "SANDY," THE OLD ORANG-UTAN, WHO RECENTLY DIED AT THE "ZOO," DISHEVELLED WITH STRAW IN HIS HAIR.—[Photograph by F. W. Bond.]

THE TWIN DOMES: GIANT STALAGMITES IN THE LARGEST KNOWN CAVERN.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY V. DAVIS. SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



"A DARK-GREEN MOUND . . . SURMOUNTED BY TWO CONSPICUOUS PILLARS OF LIGHT CREAM COLOUR": THE TWIN DOMES, IMMENSE STALAGMITES IN THE CARLSBAD CAVERN, NEW MEXICO.

The Carlsbad Cave, at Carlsbad, New Mexico, U.S.A., is a series of connecting caverns of huge dimensions, forming the largest known cave in existence. One room alone is estimated to be half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, with a ceiling from 100 ft. to 300 ft. high. Each room contains a dazzling display of natural formations of unsurpassed beauty and magnitude. Among the wonders of this awe-inspiring natural monument are innumerable stalactites and stalagmites, their surfaces sparkling as with a myriad diamonds when the light of electric torches is turned upon them. Stalactites, it may be recalled, hang

like icicles from the roof, while stalagmites rise from the ground. Both are formed of calcareous deposits, by the percolation through rock of water containing carbonate of lime. "The 'Twin Domes,'" says the National Geographic Magazine (Washington) are said to be more than 100 ft. high and to measure more than 200 ft. across the base. This base is a mammoth dark-green mound having a wet, slippery surface. The mound is surmounted by two conspicuous pillars of light cream colour, covered with myriads of tiny grooves and projections, which cause them to sparkle and glitter as the torchlight plays on them."

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CAVERN PROCLAIMED A NATIONAL

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NAMED DOH'S
KIVA FROM AN
APACHE LEGEND
TELLING HOW
"DOH, THE FLY,
BUILT A
KIVA FOR THE
SUN, AND IN IT
WERE FORMED
THREE DOTTLES":
PART OF THE
"BIG ROOM"
IN THE
CARLSBAD
CAVERN, WITH
CURIOUS STALAG-
MITES.



RISE LIKE
COLOSSAL FUNGI
FROM THE
FLOOR OF THE
HALF-MILE
LONG "BIG
ROOM" IN THE
CARLSBAD
CAVERN.
HUGE STALAG-
MITES WITH
BLUNT, ROUNDED
ENDS, FORMED
BY THE CAL-
CAREOUS
DEPOSIT FROM
DIPPING WATER
THROUGH COUNT-
LESS AGES.

MONUMENT: A WONDER OF NATURE IN NEW MEXICO.

V. DAVIS: SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



WHERE THE
REMAINS OF A
HUMAN SKELETON
(PRESUMABLY AN
INDIAN) WERE
FOUND,
CROMBLING
WITH DECAY,
ON A LEDGE
OF ROCK:
EXPLORERS IN
THE "BIG
ROOM" OF THE
CARLSBAD
CAVERN, WITH
HUGE STALAG-
MITES LIKE
"GIANT COLUMNS
OF A STYGIAN
TEMPLE."

SUGGESTING A
SCENE FROM
DANTE'S
"INFERNO":
ENOIGMOUS
STALAGMITE
FORMATIONS
IN THE CARLS-
BAD CAVERN,
WHERE "WEIRD
SHADOWY
FORMS SEEM
TO APPROACH
OUT OF THE
DARKNESS," AND
THE ROOF IS
STRENGTHENED BY
ELECTRIC
TORCHES.



The great Carlsbad Cavern among the eastern foothills of the Guadalupe Mountains, in New Mexico, is so named after a little town some thirty miles away. "Recently," writes Mr. Willis T. Lee, in the "National Geographic Magazine," of Washington, "explorers traversed several miles of its halls and chambers, and some parts of it were found to have such startling magnificence that, on October 25, 1923, by proclamation of President Coolidge, it was set aside as the Carlsbad National Monument." Part of the cave has been since prehistoric times the haunt of countless bats, and has long been known locally and used as a source of guano; but the more spectacular portion, where the bats do not penetrate, has only lately been explored, and many sections of it have never been entered. A comparison with the human figures in the photographs indicates the enormous dimensions of the stalagmite and stalactite formations. Describing the largest chamber, Mr. Lee writes: "I doubt if a name more appropriate than Big Room could be found. It is more than half a mile in length

and will probably average many hundreds of feet in width. The sides recede in places to such great distances that our lights failed to illumine the walls. . . . The height of the irregularly arched ceiling was estimated at more than 200 ft. In other places even the spotlight from an electric torch failed to pierce the gloom, and no ceiling could be discerned. The Big Room has astounding proportions. . . . In many places stalactites and stalagmites have joined to form columns of impressive dimensions. . . . One member of our party suggested that, as the cave is in territory recently inhabited by Indians, the myths of Guadalupe Mountains might appropriately furnish all names for the objects within it. . . . Carlsbad Cavern is only one of a dozen or more known to exist in these looking for unknown regions to explore."

FROM "TOTEM POLES" TO TEMPLE PILLARS: MAGNIFICENT STALAGMITES.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAY V. DAVIS. SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



"RISING FROM THE FLOOR LIKE MONUMENTS IN A CHURCHYARD": A GROUP OF TALL AND GRACEFUL STALAGMITES, KNOWN AS THE "TOTEM POLES," ONE FIFTY FEET HIGH, IN THE BIG ROOM OF THE CARLSBAD CAVERN, NEW MEXICO.



VARYING IN SHAPE FROM A SLENDER PILLAR, AS OF AN EASTERN MINARET, TO A MASSIVE COLUMN LIKE THAT OF AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GROUP OF STALAGMITES CALLED THE "TOTEM POLES," IN THE CARLSBAD CAVERN.

The infinite variety of the stalagmite and stalactite formations in the great Carlsbad Cavern, already described on the preceding pages, is no less wonderful than its vast dimensions. In the article previously quoted from the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington), Mr. Willis T. Lee writes: "The Big Room is probably as remarkable for ornate decoration as it is for size. . . . There are thousands of (dripstone) pendants, some so delicate and slender that they break under the slightest pressure; some so massive that one marvels that the enormous weight is sustained. The stalagmites, rising from the floor like monuments in a churchyard, are no less varied. One group, in which the forms are unusually

tall and graceful, has been called the Totem Poles. Some, only a few feet in diameter, rise to an estimated height of 50 ft. . . . In many places stalactites and stalagmites have joined to form columns. . . . No measurements of them have been made. I hesitate to estimate the height and diameter of these great pillars. I can only say that they impress me as very high, very large, and very astonishing. . . . At the extremity of the Big Room the floor falls away abruptly to a depth of about 100 ft. in a great depression 200 ft. across. . . . Our pathway suddenly ends. No man has ever yet ventured into this great sunken portion of the cavern."

THE "FLYING SCOTSMAN" AS A CINEMA: THE FIRST FILM IN A TRAIN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



A NEW ADDITION TO THE AMENITIES OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING: A FILM PLAY DURING A JOURNEY IN AN L.N.E.R. EXPRESS—(ON THE LEFT) THE OPERATOR'S BOX, WHICH IS SITUATED BEHIND THE AUDIENCE.

Hitherto railway travellers have had to be content with the moving pictures provided by nature through the carriage window. Art is now to compete with nature. Film pictures were given for the first time in moving trains on March 12, when an interesting experiment was carried out on the London and North-Eastern Railway. The "Flying Scotsman," the 10 a.m. express from King's Cross to the North, contained a saloon specially fitted as a picture theatre, with a screen at one end, the operator's box at the other end, and in between seats for an audience of about twenty passengers. During the run to York an American

film, "Ashes of Vengeance," was given twice, in a slightly condensed form. The pictures were not affected by the oscillation of the train, and the only difficulty was to keep the coach perfectly dark. A similar film theatre saloon was attached, on the same day, to the 2.27 p.m. express from York to London, in which was shown another American film called "Black Oxen." The lantern-room occupies the other end of the carriage, and is partitioned off from the spectators. Ample gangway is supplied. It was not possible to show both saloon and lantern-room complete in one drawing.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SOVIET LAW AND CANON LAW: THE REDS AND THE CHURCHES.

"THE BOLSHEVIK PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANITY." By CAPTAIN FRANCIS McCULLAGH.*

IN that part of his book which sums up the ecclesiastical outlook in the Russia whose capital is Leningrad, Captain Francis McCullagh writes: "I have said much in this chapter of religious movements, Russian and foreign, and of the rivalries of Churches; but the one great, outstanding fact of the religious situation in Russia I reserve until the last. That fact is that every form of Christianity in Russia is threatened by atheist Bolshevism." The candles no longer flame and flicker on the altars; the sacred buildings are sealed or falling into decay, are being pulled down "for reasons of traffic," or have been put to secular use, even as picture-palaces; the people do not cross themselves as they pass the shrines; the "progressive" Red Church has decided to replace the old ikons in the sanctuary by others "more in conformity with the new tendency in the church"—in other words, by Futurist paintings."

There is but one rule: it is that to which the Public Prosecutor Krylenko gave echo when he cried: "There is no law here but Soviet law," and "In the days of the Tzardom, the Catholic Church was persecuted; but for us, the Soviet Government, there exists no difference between the Orthodox, the Catholic, the Mohammedan, and the Jewish Churches. We repudiate them all. Your religion, I spit on it, as I do on all religions—on Orthodox, Jewish, Mohammedan, Lutheran, and the rest. No religious denomination has any political rights or any legal status within the territory of the Republic. This is so because the Church, as a body, is a social factor which may endanger the Government of the workers and peasants. What is the Catholic Church or any other Church? It is a powerful organisation of spiritual subjection, a powerful organisation for the enslavement of the working classes."

And all that is left officially is a puppet "Orthodoxy" jerked by Bolshevik mechanism, a Church which is but an instrument of the State that has terrorised it, a disintegrating body of peculiar interest at this moment, when it is reported that the Pope has asked Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to use his influence to secure the release of the clerics imprisoned in Russia, and when, according to Captain McCullagh, the recent reception of the Anglican Bishop of North and Central Europe by the Patriarch Tikhon means, taken in conjunction with the Anglo-Orthodox rapprochement in the Near East, that Great Britain practically becomes "the protector of all the Eastern Christians, including those in the former Russian Empire and in the Border States."

The precise reasons for the persecutions are debatable. The Russian Government's chief accusation is that the Churches are anti-Communist and that they seek to wean the masses from the political leaders of their country, to set Canon Law above Soviet Law, an assertion the Churches deny strenuously. But "one of the ablest conservatives still left in Russia" advanced a more remarkable explanation: "Incredible as it may seem, the recent attack on the Church and the gratuitous attacks of all kinds in which the Soviet has been indulging of late, are due largely to the growth of an opposition inside the Communist party. . . . It is a constant characteristic of the Bolsheviks that they follow the line of most resistance. . . . They go out of their way in order to smash and destroy. . . . They periodically reduce the strength of their party by what they call a 'purge' of the less fanatical elements. . . . Why is this? My explanation is that they hope by doing so to keep up the fanaticism of their followers, for

the smashing down of obstacles does generate heat. . . . and the Bolshevik leaders fear nothing so much at the present moment as tepidity. They realise that their Reds must be red-hot or cease to be red; and once its janissaries cease to be red, the Soviet Government will cease to exist."

Hence such manifestations as those which led to the fall of the Patriarch Tikhon, head of the Orthodox Church; and to the trial and condemnation of the Roman Catholic Archbishop Cieplak and his clergy, for conspiring to found a counter-revolutionary organisation "having for its object a revolt against the laws and orders of the Soviet Government regulating the relations between Church and State"; otherwise, for having carried on their clerical duties in the only way they recognised—guarding their sacred vessels from confiscation, preaching uncensored sermons, celebrating Mass in odd buildings or in their own apartments when their churches had been closed, and, especially, giving religious instruction in "private and in public schools" to those under eighteen years of age—the last in defiance of Article 121 of the Bolshevik Laws as to the Infringement of the Regulations for the Separation of Church and State. And it was held that "even one or two children being taught

by the way, affirmed during examination that they had welcomed the Revolution, Archbishop Cieplak voicing both himself and his followers when he said, "We have throughout been loyal citizens of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic, and have executed, as far as possible, all the decrees of that Government. We rejoiced over the proclamation of the great principle of liberty of conscience, because by it we had obtained the right to live according to the laws of our Church, a right which was grudged or denied us, Catholics, under the Imperial Government."

The "as far as possible" was the crux. The Archbishop and those charged with him were inflexible as to their interpretation of their religious duties; the Soviet authorities were determined that their laws were above all others. The end was inevitable. All the prisoners were found guilty; there were two sentences of death and fourteen to imprisonment varying from ten years to six months. The death sentence on Archbishop Cieplak was commuted to imprisonment, "but Dr. Walsh, who saw him in November 1923, reports that he is dying." Monsignor Maletzky was stricken by paralysis in prison, in November. Father Stanislaus Eismont is now

insane. Monsignor Budkiewicz was executed. According to a source which Captain McCullagh describes as good, he was taken down into a cellar, stripped, marched naked to another cellar, and there shot through the back of the head by the executioner who had been awaiting his coming. At about the same time the Papal Mission had returned to them chocolate that they had addressed to Monsignor Budkiewicz. It was "broken as if by a hammer, and by another route came to a Russian friend a scribbled message: 'Budkiewicz has been taken away from us.'"

This was after proceedings which Captain McCullagh, who was present throughout, calls farcical, applying to it Macaulay's saying about the State trials of Henry the Eighth's time, that they were "murder preceded by mummery."

The cigarette-smoking judges of the High Court—Galkin, "distinguished from the other

two judges by being apparently a man of some education, and by wearing a white collar; it was of the soft variety"; Nemtsov, the workman-judge, "wearing a black *rubashka* buttoned up to his throat, and a tangled mass of black hair"; Chelyshev, "supposed to be a peasant." The defending counsel, careful for obvious reasons, "apologetic and mild in the cross-examination of hostile witnesses, and unable to produce any friendly witnesses at all"; the Public Prosecutor, "violent and over-bearing," calling the prisoners "Cieplak and Co.," reading a novel during the speeches for the defence and the speeches from the dock.

The Court full of Communists; cranks; peasants, and poor Polish women who tried unsuccessfully to press upon the prisoners little gifts of eggs, butter, bread and milk they had smuggled in under their shawls; "richly" dressed women of the upper Red classes scrutinising the condemned through opera-glasses; the lengthily-titled officials—the youthful Clerk of the Court flirting openly with one of the women stenographers while the judges were absent, "to consider their decision."

The calm, dignified accused—guilty only as martyrs have been guilty. The sentences after midnight. The Archbishop raising his hand in a last episcopal benediction—"Benedicat vos Omnipotens Deus . . ." The soldiers scurrying the prisoners from the Court.

These things will not be forgotten.

Captain McCullagh has written an amazingly full book which will be provocative of much thought—and, possibly, of action—for it is definite and documented, as well as dramatic.

E. H. G.



THE HIGH COURT OF THE RUSSIAN SOCIALIST FEDERAL SOVIET REPUBLIC DURING THE CIEPLAK TRIAL: MONSIGNOR BUDKIEWICZ SPEAKING BEFORE HE WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH.

The prisoners are on the left, guarded by soldiers. The three judges are at the central table, with Galkin in the middle.

Reproduced from "The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. John Murray.

their Catechism constitutes a school within the meaning of this clause."

In the cases both of the Patriarch and the Archbishop much play was made of the refusal of the clergy to surrender sacred vessels to the civil powers when the Presidium of the All-Russian Central Committee ordered that "within one month, all valuable objects made of gold or silver or containing precious stones should be removed from ecclesiastical establishments and churches of all religions, and presented to a special famine fund."

Now, "according to the law of the Orthodox Church, consecrated objects must not be touched by laymen, and the execution of the above decree would therefore have involved sacrilege"; so the Patriarch reminded his subordinates that "according to Canon Law, they would be liable to excommunication if they took part in handing over consecrated property." The Government replied by acting decisively: when they were opposed, spoiling as they willed, trying and condemning, and accusing the Church not only of counter-revolutionary tendencies, but of treachery against the starving peasantry of the Volga.

As a result, the Orthodox Church split into a helpless body and a subservient body. Not a strong man, the Patriarch delegated his powers, then resigned, was deposed, was kept in seclusion, was unfrocked, and, finally, more or less recanted, although he is now under house-arrest again.

Kindred procedure, on kindred pleas, was taken against the Roman Catholic Church, whose priests,

* "The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity," By Captain Francis McCullagh; Author of "With the Cossacks," "The Fall of Abdul Hamid," "A Prisoner of the Reds," etc. (John Murray; 18s. net.)

THE COLOUR OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TREASURES : THE HATHOR COUCH.

REPRODUCED UNDER THE ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. HOWARD CARTER, GIVING THE SOLE COLOUR RIGHTS IN CONNECTION WITH TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



WITH BLUE "TREFOIL" SPOTS ON GOLD : "A MAGNIFICENT COW-HEAD SURMOUNTED BY HUGE GILT HORNS, WITH A GILT SOLAR DISC BETWEEN" ONE OF THE HEADS OF THE HATHOR COUCH FOUND IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

The fact that Tutankhamen's Tomb has become a matter of legal contention does not lessen the extraordinary interest of its treasures from an artistic and archæological point of view. We therefore continue our series of colour-reproductions, which, since we acquired the sole rights in that respect, afford the only means (short of an actual inspection of the originals) to appreciate the full beauty of the objects discovered. That illustrated here is officially described as "the head of one of the sides of the Hathor or cow-headed couch found in the ante-chamber. This couch has elongated animal sides, each of which has at one end a magnificent cow-head surmounted by huge gilt horns, with a gilt solar disc

between (as shown in this picture), and at the other end an enormous curled tail likewise gilt." The legal proceedings instituted by Mr. Howard Carter against the Egyptian Government, at Cairo, took a new turn on March 10, when General Sir John Maxwell, one of the late Earl of Carnarvon's executors, unexpectedly appeared in court, having travelled post-haste from California, *via* Cherbourg, Nice, and Genoa, to support Mr. Carter. Sir John's appearance caused a sensation, as the Government counsel had asserted that none of the executors would appear. Although Mr. Carter and Sir John (for the Carnarvon family) renounced all claims to objects in the tomb, the Government broke off negotiations.



HIGH ART AS A NEW AMENITY OF TRAVEL: "THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS," BY D. Y. CAMERON, R.A.—THE RUGGED HEIGHTS OF BEN MOR UNDER A WESTERING AUTUMN SUN.

This beautiful picture by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, R.A., the famous painter of Highland landscape, has been done for the London Midland and Scottish Railway for reproduction as a poster. It is the first of a series of twenty such posters commissioned by the L.M.S. from eminent Royal Academicians for display in its stations and on hoardings. Thus the much-discussed movement for using "stations as art galleries" has taken practical shape

with a worthy example of the best landscape art of our time. The scene depicted by Mr. Cameron with such fine romantic effect shows the rugged heights of Ben Mor (on the Oban-Callander line) under a westering sun in late autumn. In the foreground is a tarn of deep slate-blue, and in the valley beyond wreaths of mist are drifting, while the summits of the hills are touched with sunset glow.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

HAPPY ENDINGS.—"EXODUS."

PLAYWRIGHTS who write serious dramas will tell you that very often the dread "rat-tat" of the postman which means "declined with thanks" is due to the absence of a "happy ending." The market for plays which end "fatally" or on a query is very limited: only dramatists with a name have a chance of acceptance; only actors sure of their public may venture the costly experiment of trying a play the finale of which is death or parting. Our public, very sentimental and romantic *au fond*, does not like a gloomy ending, we are told. They want to go home with the comfortable feeling that the final curtain means at least assumed happiness ever after. It may be entirely illogical; it may be obviously false; it may be a flagrant contradiction to the nature of the conflict or the character—never mind: so long as there is an embrace, an extended hand, a reconciliation of a kind, they go hence in contentment. The other solution—the true one, the often disagreeable one—may mean not only a death-knell on the stage, but one that forebodes the speedy demise of the play. It is idle to argue about it, for there it is. You cannot alter the nature of a public unless you have the means to persevere and to force them to accept the issue. Even old Rome apparently did not like to leave the playhouse with a sob. After tragedy came a short farce, so history tells us, to drown the tears in laughter.

For all that, the compelled happy ending is, to those who look upon the theatre as something higher than a mere vehicle for facile amusement, a thorn in the flesh. It spoils their pleasure as much as the others are disturbed by the contrary. Nor is the happy ending a saving clause from the box-office point of view. When one of Pinero's best of the earlier plays—"The Profligate"—showed, despite a great artistic success, meagre returns, the author for once allowed a change—let his hero live instead of die. The result was negative. Neither party was satisfied; the run was, for a Pinero play, a short one; and when it was occasionally revived on tour or by Repertory Theatres the real ending had to be reinstated. For the happy one was incongruous, and, as it were, cut the backbone out of the play. Brieux had a similar experience. His first play was a great success at the Théâtre Libre, and the end, in which the heroine, an underpaid schoolmistress, left her unhappy home to seek the easiest way, was acclaimed as a fitting climax—the one possible solution. When "Blanchette" was transferred to the regular stage it did well for a time, when realism was the order of the day. As soon, however, as reaction set in, the receipts began to drop, and Brieux, to save the situation, manufactured a happy finale, which lowered the standard and weakened the play. Reality came into conflict with the assumed way out. I could quote many such cases in which art was sacrificed for the sake of economics, but I cannot recall an instance of a play being saved by the process. Apparently the public does not take kindly to such conversions. Still, the preference for happiness remains remarkable. Time after time the curtain falls on thunders of applause, when a moment's reflection would show how absurd, how false, how dragged-in-by-the-hair, is that would-be happiness.

Take the latest play of Clemence Dane, "The Way Things Happen." All through the piece the heroine has been neglected and belittled by the hero. There is no vestige of love for her during the whole action until, by will of the authoress, not by logical evolution, he is driven into her arms. These two—as we know

them—have nothing in common; love is all on the woman's side; they are not made for one another, not fit mates. What happiness can such a union promise? Those who understand life shudder at the thought. Not so the first-nighters. We read of raptures and ecstasy at the finish. It is nothing but the fatal first-night dope—the opium that beguiles for a while and leads to a rude awakening.

makes success. It depends on the problem set before us; it depends on the way the play is constructed; it depends on the feelings of the audience produced by the crucial scene—the scene on which the solution hangs. There will always be a few in the stalls as well as in the gallery who become emotional over a long embrace; but the majority is not to be bamboozled by a final "cheerio!" at any price. They may not betoken it at the first performance; they may even clap their hands and shout—because the actors, not the author, deserve it. But then lip-to-lip criticism, the secret power that makes or mars plays, as the audience disperses towards the four quarters of the town, will soon tell a different tale. And no happy ending in the world can alter its course.

The dramatist of to-day is more fortunate than his predecessors, for, if his work cannot hope to see the footlights of the stage, it can at least hope for the colder yet more enduring light of print. An interesting new issue of Contemporary British Dramatists is now being published by Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., and, like all books bearing their imprimatur, the volumes are attractively printed, with liberal margins and tastefully bound. Volume I. of the series is entitled "Exodus," by H. F. Rubinstein and Halcott Glover, and it seeks to give dramatic form to the Biblical narrative of Israel in Egypt. The incidents of Joseph and his Brethren, the Birth of Moses, the killing of the

Egyptian Task-Master, the Last of the Plagues; ending in the deliverance of Israel from bondage and the scene at the foot of Mount Carmel, each provides a motif for a dramatic sequence in five episodes.

The authors have skilfully managed their material, and their ingenuity has contrived not only to establish an Oriental atmosphere, but to give each incident a certain dramatic vitality. The language gains in richness through its sensitive blending of the diction of the Authorised Version, and only when it departs from that model (as in the scenes where the Task-Master drives his slaves with a whip) do we feel a jarring anachronistic note. Apart from these merits the dramatic sequence of "Exodus" lacks creative power. The very fidelity of the dramatists to their source has cramped their imagination. These characters do not move and have their being, rising impregnable above the action. Here are no subtleties of characterisation, no sudden flashes digging deep the wells of motive. Flat poster colour is the medium. This again may be due to the disconnected nature of the episodes. A fresh company of players fills the stage with each fall of the curtain. But drama should move inevitably and relentlessly towards its crisis. Here my interest is enlisted, but before that interest can deepen into sympathy the scene has shifted, and I am required again to accommodate myself to a fresh episode. Interest is not enough to make drama. Character and circumstance must knit the bonds of action so closely that we are not only held but moved. We must vibrate to the tones of pity or shrink at the voice of terror. This Exodus is too far off. The life of to-day, with its problems and its solicitudes, is unheeded. Here we get a certain ingenuity and fancy, a certain glamour of setting and diction, a certain vividness of narrative; but the breadth lacks depth, the colour lacks intensity, and the drama lacks power. Still, it is a very worthy venture of Messrs. Benn, and the series already promises good things to come.



WHERE "THE EAGLE'S SON SLEEPS": THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH (RECENTLY TAKEN) OF THE TOMB CONTAINING THE BODY OF NAPOLEON II. (EXCEPT THE HEART AND VISCERA), IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CAPUCINS AT VIENNA.

"The tomb of the Duke of Reichstadt," writes M. Jean de Bonnefon, "is not unknown, but it needed the downfall of the old empire to enable permission to be obtained to photograph at last the metal coffin wherein the Eagle's son sleeps. . . . It stands at the foot of his grandfather's tomb, and near that of his mother. On the top is a long bronze palm in high relief, and the inscription reads: 'Son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French . . . The coffin does not contain the whole body, since the viscera and heart are elsewhere.' The viscera, in a silver urn, were placed in the vaults of the Cathedral of St. Etienne (in Paris), and the heart, in a silver-gilt casket, in the Church of the Augustines at Vienna.

When I saw the play, a day or two after the *première*, there was little animation; only such as was deserved by the efforts of the actors. The comments



THE ORIGINAL OF ROSTAND'S "L'AIGLON": A STATUE OF NAPOLEON'S SON, THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT, WITH DEATH-MASK HEAD, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE ATTICS OF THE HOFBURG AT VIENNA.

After the flight of the late Emperor Charles, and the establishment of the Austrian Republic, the Hofburg (the Imperial Palace) at Vienna was searched, and many forgotten works of art and historical relics were found, especially in the extensive attics. There was discovered this life-size plaster statue of Napoleon's son, by his second wife, the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria. At his birth (in 1811) the boy was made King of Rome, but after his father's downfall he lived at the Austrian Court as Duke of Reichstadt (the name of a royal castle now in Czecho-Slovakia). He died, of consumption, in 1832. His life is the subject of Rostand's well-known play, "L'Aiglon" (The Eaglet).

around me and on the way out were significant: that audience did not believe in the happy ending any more than I did.

It is a fallacy to believe that unreal happiness

OSTIA UNDER THE CÆSARS: NEW DISCOVERIES AT THE GREAT

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR

second city, which is a monumental one, and represents the only example in Italy—of a great Roman commercial centre at the time of the Empire. The work of the last three excavating campaigns has been devoted to the isolation of the Capitol, which rose in the middle of the city, and now, as in the great days of Ostia, again dominates the whole of the Forum with its adjacent quarters and monuments. The Forum itself has been entirely laid bare by uncovering the only block of houses that remained still buried on its western side. This block, rectangular in form, and measuring about 2760 square yards in surface, contains four distinct buildings: a commercial and an industrial house, both looking on the North Pomerian Street, with laboratories, the shops and office rooms; and two very peculiar structures, facing the

(Continued in Box 3.)

COMPLETING THE EXCAVATIONS ROUND THE FORUM AT OSTIA: THE NEW BLOCK OF HOUSES UNEARTHED ON THE WEST SIDE—MASSIVE ROMAN MASONRY.

"AFTER the striking discoveries of Pompeii," writes Professor Federico Halbherr, "it is at Ostia—the harbour of Rome—that excavations in Italy are now yielding the most important results. Not only are the diggings revealing, every day, huge new buildings of the imperial city, but trial pits and trenches, made to explore the deeper strata, have disclosed, beneath the level of the actual streets and squares, considerable vestiges of the earlier Latin *castrum*, or fortified settlement. Among these are to be noted the remains of an ancient rectangular temple which Professor Calza, the present director of the excavations at Ostia, thinks was the actual temple of the Capitol in Republican times. Parts of the city walls of this epoch were also found, built with huge blocks of tufa stone, like those of the Palatine, and remains of some private houses of Pompeian style. . . . We know that Ostia underwent a thorough transformation during the two first centuries of our era, chiefly in the last part of that period, under the Emperors Commodus and Septimius Severus. . . . The forum was rebuilt with a new Temple and Capitol; while the earlier and smaller, but more elegant, houses of the ancient *castrum*, recalling by their shape and comfort the pretty dwellings of Campania, gradually gave place to the large and heavy buildings of a modern-looking business city. Taking these conditions into account, there is no great hope of discovering much more of the Republican town, as the disinterment of its remains would necessitate the demolition of the

(Continued in Box 2.)



"IN NO OTHER ANCIENT CITY IN ITALY OR GREECE HAVE THERE BEEN FOUND SUCH BROAD, STRAIGHT, SPLENDID ROADS": THE STREET OF THE GUILDS AT OSTIA.



WITH A LONG BRICK STAIRWAY TO THE UPPER FLOOR: THE INTERIOR OF THE MASSIVELY BUILT CURIA AT OSTIA.



INSCRIBED "C. CAELIUS HERMAEOS ANTISTES HUIUS LOCI FECIT" (C. CAELIUS HERMAEOS, CHIEF PRIEST OF THIS PLACE, MADE IT): THE ALTAR IN THE MITHREUM.

(Continued.)

Winged Victory, belonging to some public monument, and that of a similarly colossal group of Commodus and Crispina, represented as Venus and Mars, not a few other sculptured marbles have been brought to light. . . . The inscriptions also are plentiful, and four of them are peculiarly interesting on account of their historical and insidial contents. These are, first, a fragmentary chapter of the *Annales*, or political chronicle of Rome, dealing with the events of Julius Caesar's period, from 49 to 44 B.C.; second, a record of the worshippers of the *Lares* and images of the Emperors; and two documents relating to the *Curatores riparum et alvei Tiberis*, or conservators of the banks and channel of the Tiber, a board of great importance under the Imperial administration. The general view of the excavations recalls only to a certain extent the features of Herculaneum and Pompeii, as the buildings and streets of the Tiberine

A CITY OF FINE STREETS. SEAPORT OF ANCIENT ROME.

FEDERICO HALBHER, OF ROME, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHEOLOGIST.

Decumanus, which runs on the opposite side. The former of these structures is a kind of inn, or, more probably, a bazaar—very like, as Professor Calza points out, a Turkish *Khan* or an Arabian *Jundek*, with a number of magazines and shops opening on a wide interior court, which has in its centre a well and a basin. The latter, forming the south-east corner of the block, with one of its frontages on the Forum, is a rich public building. Owing to the discovery of some marble lists of Augustales, it was thought at first to be an *Atrium*, or house of the worshippers of the Emperor; but it has since been identified, more credibly, as the *Curia*, or City Council Hall, on account of its resemblance to the *Curia* of Pompeii and that of Timagad. By a staircase of seven steps, one entered it from the *Decumanus* through a

(Continued in Box 2.)



ONLY PARALLELED AT TIMAGAD OR DOUGGA, OR THE HELLENISTIC CAPITALS OF ASIA MINOR: THE DECUMANUS MAXIMUS AT OSTIA—THE END LATELY EXCAVATED.



THE CENTRE OF ANCIENT OSTIA'S CIVIC LIFE: THE RUINS OF THE CURIA, OR CITY HALL, WITH A FLIGHT OF SEVEN STEPS BEFORE THE PORCH, IN THE DECUMANUS MAXIMUS.

rich *pronaos*, or porch. The interior is occupied by a large central hall, with marble pavement and walls. Niches and pedestals, ranged along the walls, were evidently designed to support statues of the Emperors and other distinguished Roman personages, of which, however, no trace has been found. Two long rooms, one to the right and the other to the left side of the hall, served perhaps as offices. This magnificent building faced the western side of the forum; while on the other side were other porticoes and halls, built for the meetings of the different guilds, into which the working and trading population of Ostia was divided. In other quarters, the *Nithreum*, or temple of Mithras; that of the Magna Mater, Rhea or Cybele; the small Christian Basilica; the Great *Horreo*, or Corn Exchange; the Barracks of the *Vigiles* or firemen, as also many new houses, private and public, shops and taverns, have been thoroughly cleared during the latest excavations. It is calculated that a third part of the city has been unearthed up to now, showing that it was, for those days, quite a large one, if we consider that one of its cross-roads, the *Decumanus Maximus*, was about a mile long. These works, initiated by the late Professor Vaglini, and successively carried on by Professor Paribeni and Professor Calza, to whom chiefly we owe our present information, have confirmed the fact that architecture at Ostia was very sumptuous, and works of art, such as sculptures and wall-paintings, were quite numerous in its temples, public buildings, and open spaces. Since the discovery of a colossal

(Continued in Box 1.)



SUGGESTING THE TALE OF ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES: AN ANCIENT ROMAN OIL DEPOSITORY IN OSTIA, WITH GREAT JARS FOR STORAGE.



EVIDENCE OF OSTIA'S ARTISTIC MAGNIFICENCE: A COLOSSAL STATUE OF WINGED VICTORY RECENTLY DISCOVERED.

city, in its later development, differ appreciably from those of both the Campanian towns, the houses at Ostia being larger, higher, and more strongly built and the streets straight and wider, rather like those of our modern cities, and well suited to the movement of a dense and busy population. In no other of the ancient cities unearthed in Italy or Greece have there yet been found such broad, straight, splendid roads as the two reproduced in our photographs. To find anything like them, we must turn to the rich Hellenistic capitals of Asia Minor, or to the great Roman centres of North Africa, such as Timagad or Dougga." Previous illustrations of the wonderful discoveries at Ostia appeared in our issues of January 28 and June 3, 1922, the latter described by Professor Halbherr, and the former by Dr. Thomas Ashby, Director of the British School at Rome.

A GREAT "RUGGER" EVENT: THE MATCH THAT GAVE ENGLAND THE CHAMPIONSHIP AND THE CALCUTTA CUP.



ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND BEFORE THE KING AND A RECORD CROWD AT TWICKENHAM: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BREAK-UP OF A "SCRUM," AND A PASS.

England beat Scotland in the great "Rugger" match at Twickenham, on March 15, by three goals and one dropped goal (19 points) to nothing, thus winning the Calcutta Cup and the international championship. The King was present, and there was a record crowd of some 45,000 spectators. Our photograph, which is a particularly good example of fast movement in "Rugger," without the weird attitudes often produced by the camera, shows a typical scene at the break-up of a scrum. The teams may be distinguished by the white jerseys of the Englishmen and the dark jerseys of the Scots. At the right-hand end of the group on the left, Bryce, the Scottish "scrum half," who is seen tackled by Robson, has just passed out the ball to Waddell, the other Scottish half-back. Waddell is seen on the right about to take the pass, while two of the English forwards (Blakiston and Conway) are rushing towards him. Close to the ball is standing the referee, Mr. T. H. Vile. The teams were as follows: England—B. S. Chantrell (Bristol), back; H. C. Catchside

(Percy Park), L. J. Corbett (Bristol), H. M. Locke (Birkenhead Park), and H. P. Jacob (Oxford University), three-quarter backs; E. Myers (Bradford) and A. T. Young (Cambridge University), half-backs; W. W. Wakefield (Leicester) (captain), R. Cove-Smith (Old Merchant Taylors), G. S. Conway (Rugby), R. Edwards (Newport), W. G. E. Luddington (Devonport Services), A. F. Blakiston (Liverpool), A. Robson (Northern), and A. T. Voyce (Gloucester), forwards. Scotland—D. Drysdale (Heriots), back; I. S. Smith (Oxford University), G. P. S. Macpherson (Oxford University), G. G. Aitken (Oxford University), and A. C. Wallace (Oxford University), three-quarter backs; H. Waddell (Glasgow Academicals) and W. E. Bryce (Selkirk), half-backs; J. M. Bannerman (Glasgow High School), J. C. R. Buchanan (Stewartonians), D. M. Bertram (Watsonians), J. R. Lawrie (Leicester), A. C. Gillies (Watsonians), R. A. Howie (Kirkcaldy), R. G. Henderson (Northern), and D. S. Davies (Hawick), forwards.

THE RISKS OF STEEPLECHASING: FALLS AT THE ARMY POINT-TO-POINTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL AND C.N.



LIEUT.-COL. M. GRAHAM (WHO FINISHED THIRD) FALLS WITH BALLYHOURA IN THE NOMINATION RACE AT THE ARMY POINT-TO-POINT MEETING AT ARBORFIELD CROSS.



MR. W. J. R. BEDFORD (WINNER) FALLS WITH PIPPIN IN THE PRINCE OF WALES' CUP.



MR. P. BROCKLEHURST'S NIGGER FALLS IN THE NOMINATION RACE.



A DOUBLE FALL IN THE RACE FOR EARL BEATTY'S CUP: MR. A. S. CASEY'S FOXTROT (NO. 2) AND CAPT. A. CAMPBELL'S THE LEAR (NO. 18) AT THE SECOND FENCE.



MR. H. J. MYLNE FALLS WITH TOMMY LING IN THE GRAND MILITARY WELTER STEEPLECHASE FOR EARL BEATTY'S CUP: AN EVENT IN WHICH PRINCE HENRY TOOK PART.



THE HON. B. A. OGILVY FALLS WITH WORCESTER SAUCE.

In view of the accident to the Prince of Wales (illustrated on the opposite page) we give the above photographs of other falls at the same meeting, the Army Point-to-Point races at Arborfield Cross, near Wokingham, on March 15. While the photographs show that the Prince of Wales was by no means the only rider to come to grief (among others was his brother, Prince Henry, who was unhurt) they also emphasise the fact that there are considerable risks in steeplechasing. The courage and per-

sistence with which the Prince of Wales continues to take such risks have caused much public anxiety, and it has been pointed out, especially in the Press, that his life is a national asset. During the last four years he has been involved in fourteen accidents, of which twelve were riding accidents in the hunting-field, or in races, or at polo. Only a few weeks ago, it will be remembered, the Prince broke his collar-bone.

THE PRINCE'S STEEPLECHASING ACCIDENT: AN UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., G.P.U., AND TOPICAL.



A MOMENT BEFORE HE FELL: THE PRINCE OF WALES ON LITTLE FAVOURITE.



AFTER THE ACCIDENT: THE PRINCE OF WALES CARRIED AWAY ON A STRETCHER TO THE DRESSING-TENT AND LATER TO A NEIGHBOURING FARM.



SHOWING HIS "UNLUCKY NUMBER"—THIRTEEN: THE PRINCE OF WALES GOING OUT FOR THE RACE IN WHICH HE FELL



CUT ABOUT THE FACE AND SUFFERING FROM SLIGHT CONCUSSION: THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE GROUND IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS FALL.

The accident to the Prince of Wales at the Army Point-to-Point Races at Arborfield Cross near Wokingham, on March 15, occurred in the last race of the day, that for the Earl of Cavan's Cup. The Prince's horse, Little Favourite, stumbled and fell at the first fence, and the Prince was thrown on to his head and hands, sustaining a slight concussion and a cut across the nose and on the cheek. There were many spectators at the first fence, and they were alarmed when it appeared

that the Prince was in danger of being kicked by the fallen horse. The fact that the Prince bore the unlucky number thirteen caused a good deal of comment. As soon as the Prince fell, ambulance men and nurses ran to the spot, and he was taken on a stretcher to the dressing station and afterwards to Old Biggs Farm. It was stated on the 17th that the Prince had passed a good night, and was making satisfactory progress, but must cancel engagements for a week.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THERE are two ways of re-creating in picturesque form a period of history. One is to assume that the reader has no previous knowledge, and to superimpose a lively and human narrative upon a substratum of fact so presented that even the uninitiated may grasp the framework of the subject; the other is to take previous information for granted, and weave a cunning web of allusion from which the spirit of the period and its people may be caught. The latter method is perhaps the more charming of the two; but it is necessarily limited in its appeal, for to those who know nothing of the theme beforehand it will seem obscure and even confusing. Only a few will have the enterprise and patience to go elsewhere for the groundwork. And some may even be repelled, and remain for ever in darkness about things it would profit them to know.

The most familiar example of the allusive method is Carlyle's "French Revolution." Of the more direct method, yet still human and picturesque, the studies of M. Lenotre and of Mr. Belloc (to keep to the epoch cited) are excellent types. Lord Acton's posthumous work inclined more to the heavily informative style, although not wholly wanting in lighter touches. For the capture and instruction of the reader, the middle way is the safest. But the extreme allusive may be very fascinating, even if it be somewhat nebulous in its final result, let it but satisfy a mood and reveal a personality, and it is not to be pooh-poohed as futile.

It can, to be sure, miss the mark altogether, and leave the reader no wiser at the end than he was at the beginning, supposing that he ever reaches the end of what must seem to him only a brilliant cobweb. A book I have just been reading with a great deal of enjoyment comes perilously near this description; but the writer evidently knew the risk he ran, and has taken care to enlighten the uninformed. Not that he has denied himself the unfettered privilege of fantasy, or encumbered the text of his essays with the chapter and verse of fact; but after his spiritual exercise, he has set down the dry bones of information in a separate section of his book, for the edification of those who have not already caught all his implicit allusions from the text itself. For this not a few will thank him.

It is a moot point whether it would not be wiser to read the last part of the book first, and then with some knowledge of who's who begin at the beginning, and follow Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell in his joyous and fantastic pilgrimage through the spiritual history of "SOUTHERN BAROQUE ART" (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.). But, personally, I prefer the natural order of the book, to which I came with mighty little preparation. That is not surprising, for these essays have, as the author says, "but little connection with the accepted or famous names of their period." Bernini and Borromini are not examined. Mr. Sitwell has gone to the work of Solimena, Sanfelice, and Luca Giordano, and he has made the men, their times, and their contemporaries live again in his dancing pages.

It is history transmuted by imagination—imagination so lively and versatile as to seem at times inconsequent; but in the result consistent, and always based on the most minute and conscientious personal research. What one may call Sitwellism—a strange portent of our times—has not hitherto appealed to me powerfully (my defect, no doubt); but this manifestation of the strange, darting soul of a poetic group-genius likes me well, and recalls the pleasurable and never-to-be-forgotten sensations of certain first readings which it may be heresy to name in this connection. I had almost breathed the name of Winckelmann, the great adversary of the Baroque. Of that no more. Although I am not blind to the failings of Mr. Sitwell's manner, I were an ingrate not to confess that he has bidden me to a gorgeous banquet, and has entertained me royally with colour, form, and music. It is little enough return to direct others to the same feast.

Sitwellism is an excursus of youth, more or less—youth of the spirit, at any rate; in dates I am sadly to seek, and here minute inquiry might be ill-mannered. The book came by chance to be read in close sequence to two others, both the efflorescence of young genius, and each of curious interest as a revelation of a soul. They are the memorial of talents that in one instance bore fruit of some maturity, but in the other left only an amazing promise. Wisdom is suspicious of the prodigy; but at least one of these records of a precocious ability does not lack reassurance, as far as reassurance is possible, that here was something great in the making.

To take the last book first. To say that we do not know of what genius in embryo the war robbed the world, is the dullest of commonplaces. But there are indications. The piety of bereaved relatives has set forth many fragmentary records of gifted boys cut off untimely of whom much was to be hoped, but not all of these are convincing. Precocity is a frail flower, of which only time can test the stamina. I remember but one memoir of a young soldier that seemed to leave no doubt as to a future rich in development of mind and heart. His foundations were, to all appearance, solid; and within his short term of years he progressed on the right lines, shedding false or exaggerated enthusiasms, extending knowledge, and moving steadily towards a sane standard of criticism, not only of life and letters, but of himself. He was a Briton. The little life-story of a wonder-child who fought on the other side has now been translated into English, and is sure of a sympathetic and deeply interested audience. Memories of strife cannot blur the record, for genius knows no frontiers.

"THE DIARY OF OTTO BRAUN," edited by Julie Vogelstein (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), has been published now some four years in Germany. The lapse of time between first issue and translation may be in its favour; and yet so extraordinary was the character here revealed that one feels convinced that no interval was necessary to ensure the book's acceptance by English readers. Braun was a marvel. Proof of his unusual qualities does not rest on the testimony of admiring and adoring relatives alone. It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that when Otto was twelve years old his promise and erudition so impressed Professor Petzoldt, of Spandau, that he petitioned the Prussian Ministry of Education to grant him release from his official duties in order that he might superintend the boy's education. "He is thorough and thorough" (wrote Petzoldt)—"and that is the most important thing—a constructive nature." Prussian bureaucracy, after three months' silence, refused Petzoldt's "strange request."

The thoroughness and astonishing depth of the boy's accomplishment is written large in his diary and his letters. But there is no priggishness in them, still less is there any morbidity. He was a heaven-born classic of a kind that may still be making in Germany, but grows very rare in this country. And he was more. He seemed to make all literature and all art his province: every line he writes is richly informed, yet without affectation; it

THE MONTH'S MOST POPULAR BOOKS.

- "BYRON—THE LAST JOURNEY. 1823.4." (Constable.) By Harold Nicholson.
 "UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS." By "Anon." (Ereleigh Nash.)
 "LETTERS OF ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE." (Murray.) Selected and Edited by Hester Ritchie.
 "THE JOURNAL OF THE HON. HENRY EDWARD FOX, 1818-1830." Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. (Thornton Butterworth.)
 "MY WANDERINGS AND MEMORIES." (T. Fisher Unwin.) By Lady Norah Bentinck.
 "THE LETTERS OF CHARLES GREVILLE AND HENRY REEVE." Edited by A. H. Johnson. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
 "THE RULERS OF RUSSIA." By the Hon. (Williams and Norgate.) Norah Hewitt.
 "LOVE LETTERS OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN." (Stanley Paul.) By C. H. Charles.
 "THE TRAGEDY OF CHARLES OF HABSBURG." (Philip Allan.) By Baron Charles von Werkmann.
 "EATING WITHOUT FEARS." (Cope.) By G. F. Scotson-Clark.
 "THE LETTERS OF MADAME (ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE OF BAVARIA)." (Chapman & Dodd.) By Gertrude Scott Stevenson.

We have arranged with Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys, of Messrs. Hatchards, of Piccadilly, to supply us each week with a list of books that were specially popular during the past month. These lists will be divided into different categories—Fiction, Memoirs, etc.—and will serve as a guide to our readers. The books are given in order of selling merit.

is still the simple, natural expression of a very charming boy and young man. He was a poet, too, who might have done something memorable; though upon that head there is insufficient material for prophecy. Some of his admirers have seen in Braun the promise of a second Goethe. That cannot be. Such repetitions are not in the nature of things. Yet he might have been a thinker of like power with Goethe. It is a safer forecast, if any forecast of this kind be safe, to say that he seemed to be shaping for a philosophic critic on the lines of Lessing.

Howbeit, the war took him. He joined at sixteen, and made a gallant shift to like the army and the field. He fell on the Western Front in April 1918, being then just twenty years of age. His life was a poem, the best he had yet achieved.

Those who read Otto Braun's memoirs together with Mr. Sitwell's essays will find especial interest in the boy's remarks on Baroque Art. Every example that he came across has its record—its acute, knowledgeable little word of criticism. On the Renaissance, late and early, Otto was already a pundit; and he had seen, what has seldom been sufficiently insisted upon, the importance of the Emperor Frederick the Second's place as a forerunner. If this remarkable book reaches a second edition, as seems almost certain, I trust someone will revise and correct the Greek quotations.

Another diary, the work of one whose talent had the opportunity of fulfilling itself and of winning recognition, is a record of introspection. It is "THE JOURNAL OF MARIE LENÉRU" (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.). Marie Lenéru was author of "Les Affranchis" and "La Triomphatrice," plays that gave her a place in the French world of letters. She was deaf from her childhood, and her affliction drove her in upon herself; but, although she was an egoist and

something of a self-tormentor, her confessions are not those of a woman who lived only to gratify her own vanity and ambition. When the war came, her infirmities prevented her from taking up the active hospital service she would have desired; but, as Madame Mary Duclaux, who adds a short Memoir to the Journal, says, "her war-work was *La Paix*, and also her ardent ministrations to her war-godsons in the Fusiliers-Marins."

Marie Lenéru fell a victim to the war, indirectly, for she died of the pestilent influenza that swept France in the spring of 1918. Her Journal makes good companion reading to the other diary just noticed: for it is also rich in knowledge and full of the spirit of youth. It is true that Marie Lenéru was over forty when she died, but the parallel with Otto Braun still holds; for, says Mme. Duclaux, "she seemed to me—and I think to all who mourned her—to have died young." Of such spirits, the writer of the Memoir remarks: "We love them like gifted children, torn from our arms too soon, whose memory we cherish, unconsolated because they are no more."

As a relief from books which, with all their charm, cannot be separated from the tragedy of life, readers should turn to "THE RIGHT PLACE," Mr. C. E. Montague's delightful new volume of travel sketches (Chatto and Windus; 7s.). The sub-title of the work is "A Handbook of Pleasures," and it lives up to its name generously. The right place is no particular place, but everywhere where men and women may find happiness in the open air—of cities as well as of the country. He ranges over Europe; he remembers the choice spots of home. The author suggests not only the right place, but the right mood, and very often it is the mood that makes the place right. It is a romance of topography, communicated with a genial philosophy of which the present age stands much in need. I can conceive no better antidote to the despondency that threatens so much current writing than this hopeful, stimulating, refreshing, and true book.

Still on the subject of travel and records of travel, let me suggest for your library list, "FROM A BALCONY ON THE BOSPHORUS" (Country Life; 5s.), by A. Louise McLroy, a woman doctor distinguished for her war service in France and the Near East. She went out first as head of the Scottish Women's Hospital at Troyes, and later to Serbia and Salonika. After the Armistice she stayed for about a year in Constantinople, which inspired her to this pleasant volume of impressions, scenic and social.

Naturally Dr. McLroy found much to observe in the Turkish women and their movement towards emancipation. It appears that some of them now wear their hair "bobbed," which the author regards as significant of the direction of the winds of so-called progress. Constantinople, alike in its sinister and its beautiful aspects, has seized on Dr. McLroy's imagination, and has moved her to passages of fine reflective description.

Her admiration for St. Sophia, coming at the moment it does, reminds one inevitably of Byron's note on the Mosque. He criticised Lady Mary Wortley Montagu for saying that St. Paul's would cut a strange figure beside St. Sophia's. At the risk of "speaking like a Cockney," he defended St. Paul's, although he was sufficiently impressed with the Byzantine church to make the correct, if obvious, historical allusions in his letters.

One of the first of the Byron Centenary books to appear hails from America. There is another, of British origin, which would have fitted in very well with the foregoing note, but it has not yet come my way, and must with regret be left out of the bill this week. The American volume is by Professor Samuel Chew, of Bryn Mawr College, and is entitled "BYRON IN ENGLAND: HIS FAME AND AFTER-FAME" (John Murray; 21s.). Professor Chew has set himself a colossal task: nothing less than the attempt to bring into some kind of system the overwhelming body of Byron criticism, and to give a true conspectus of conflicting opinion. With this goes the most complete bibliography of Byron ever compiled.

The work is well done, and will be of the utmost value to students. For the present a brief note of acknowledgement must suffice. Before many weeks are over, I hope to hold the feast on the feast day—to speak in more detail about the Centenary publications, and incidentally about the poet they commemorate. Professor Chew will not allow that Byron has ever been forgotten. "The hundred years since his death, if they heard many a voice of dejection raised, have also been a century of praise."

So far, we have escaped a Byron Centenary novel, although M. André Maurois has come very near it in his Shelley romance noticed here a week or two ago. Perhaps it is as well. To make Byron a subject for romantic fiction would be superfluous, seeing that he is so pre-eminently a romantic fact. The true story of his life would suffer by any imaginative modifications. As far as Byron can have a place as a character in a novel, he has it in M. Maurois' work, where he fits into an episode, and, within the limits of the Shelley interlude, retains his proportion. There the question may be left. But you never can tell. Some genius, known or unknown, may yet surprise us with the great novel of Byron. That will be a feat indeed, and, if it succeeds, a thing of price.

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by SIR CHARLES HIGHAM



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THE TROUT IN ART: AN EXHIBITION FOR THE "COMPLEAT ANGLER."

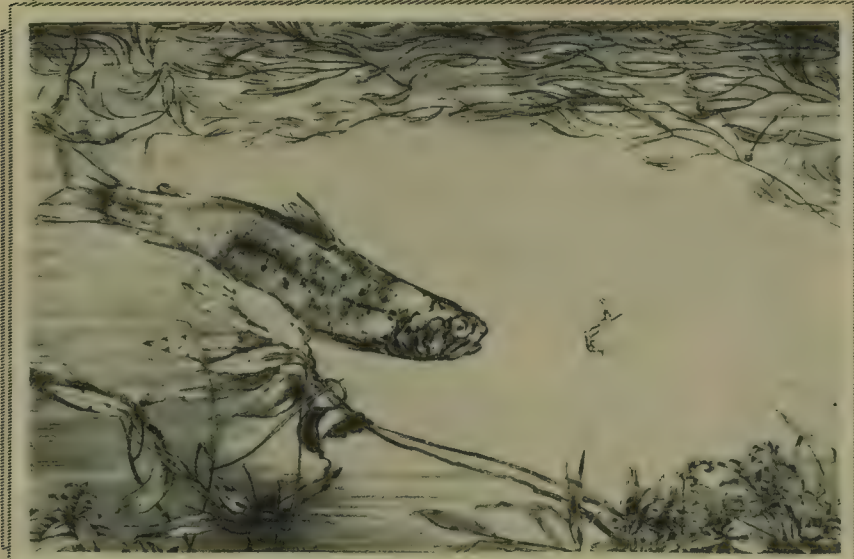
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"WICKHAM'S FANCY": A TROUT TAKING AN ARTIFICIAL FLY OF THAT NAME.



"AFTER RAIN": A TROUT ATTRACTED BY A WORM IN SWIRLING WATER.



"CURIOSITY, TROUT, AND WORM": AN ETCHING.



"THE RISE—TROUT RISING TO ARTIFICIAL FLY": AN ETCHING.



"THE SILVER DEVON": TROUT AND A SPINNING BAIT.



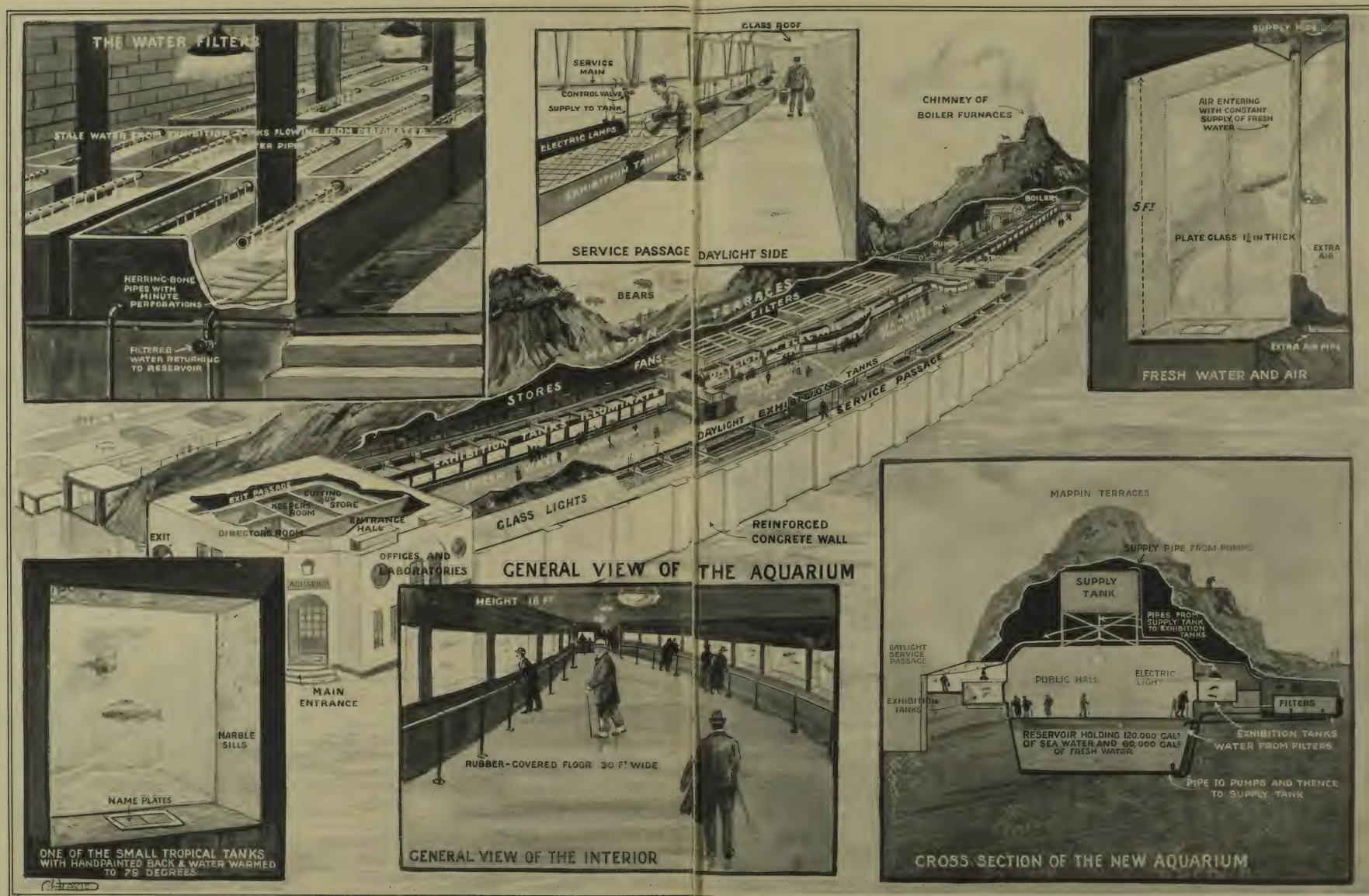
"MARCH BROWN": A TROUT RISING TO THE FLY OF THAT NAME.

Fishes are much in the public eye just now, perhaps in view of the approaching inauguration of the great new Aquarium at the "Zoo," illustrated elsewhere in this number. Meanwhile, certain varieties of fish form the subject of a "one-man show" now being held in London by a sporting artist, in which all anglers will be interested. This is the Exhibition of Drawings and Etchings of "Fly-Fishing," by George Marples, A.R.C.A., A.R.E., recently opened at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, New Bond Street, and to remain open until March 29. We reproduce here some of Mr. Marples' delicate drawings and etchings of that most

popular of fresh-water fish from the angler's point of view—the trout. "The habits of trout," says the "Encyclopædia of Sport," "vary somewhat according to the nature of the water and the size of the fish. Trout feed on the bottom, in mid-water, and take flies and insects from the surface; but, generally speaking, large trout are not ready feeders on—to them—such insignificant items of food as are found floating on the face of river or lake. To this rule, however, there are several exceptions. . . . One occurs in the season of the May-fly, when large trout come to the surface and become fly-takers."

THE £54,000 AQUARIUM TO BE OPENED AT THE "ZOO": A SYSTEM OF WATER SUPPLY FOR 90 TANKS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS: BY COURTESY OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.



CONTAINING 25 TANKS FOR FRESH-WATER FISH, 25 FOR SEA-WATER FISH, AND 40

London is at last to have an Aquarium worthy to rank with those of the Continent and America. It has been constructed beneath the Mappin Terraces at the "Zoo," and is to be opened to Fellows of the Society on April 5, and to the public on April 7. "The work has been completed," says an official account, "at a cost of approximately £54,000, including equipment and stocking. . . . The Aquarium is a crescentic gallery nearly 450 ft long with tanks on each side, those on the outer side of the crescent being illuminated by daylight or electric light; those on the inner side by electric-light bulbs which select the rays so as to produce a daylight effect. It is divided into an entrance hall, a fresh-water hall, with 25 tanks ranging in length from 30 ft. to 6 ft., a sea-water hall with a similar number of tanks (two over 30 ft. long), and a tropical hall with 40 tanks, most of them small. The public parts of the halls are provided with rubber flooring and the walls and ceiling are enamelled black. The glass front of

FOR TROPICAL SPECIMENS: THE GREAT AQUARIUM JUST COMPLETED AT THE "ZOO."

each tank is recessed in a framework of dark-green marble composition; and on the lower sill are coloured labels describing the exhibits. The tanks open behind to a well-lighted service passage, not accessible to visitors, from which the cleaning and feeding are carried out. Under the floor of the great hall are reservoirs respectively of 120,000 gallons for sea-water, and of 60,000 gallons capacity for fresh water, from which the water is taken by electrically operated pumps to high-level tanks in the peaks of the Mappin Terraces. From these the water falls by gravity to the show tanks, and the overflow from the latter passes through filter tanks before returning to the underground reservoirs. The water is further oxygenated by the direct injection of fresh air into the tanks. The salt water was obtained from the Bay of Biscay. . . . The tanks are constructed of slate or concrete with fronts of plate-glass, the thickness of which is 1½ in. in the larger aquaria." [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



Here are some delightful hats which hail from Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W. and wool the second; and jade georgette, trimmed with velvet flowers, the centre model. ribbon streamers is carried out in jade pedal straw

Ribbon and pedal straw expresses the one on the left; mixed pedal Opposite are two neat fur felts, and the captivating cloche with long ornamented with a flat ribbon rose. (See page 516.)

ARE the girls of to-day showing any signs of settling down? This is a question often asked, and variously answered. Girls had a poor time during the War, we all know; but that is over five years ago, and many of the girls who are now amusement mad were in the schoolroom in war time. They have to some extent been infected by girls older than themselves in putting the pursuit of pleasure before anything else. There are signs that they are finding it more elusive the more ardently it is pursued, and mothers of girls who are coming out this year say that their daughters are not eager to go to dances every night, play games most of the day, and do many theatres as well. Their sisters, or older friends, have found it all will-o'-the-wisp-like, and have worn out their youthful vitality with no adequate return. The young girls see it, and in numerous cases come from a high-school life with different and far more sane views for their future. In these lies the hope that girls will settle down, and that enjoyment will not for them consist wholly of games, dancing, films, and

theatres. Girls fresh to social life ing and delightful, and lend such us all, that we hate to see them attractions in the vortex of artifi-

The King and the Queen were well last week. Her Majesty had of laryngitis, which is a very thing if it gets a good hold. Con-Majesty was kept in bed longer a lady liked. The Queen saw a during her incarceration, and was to have looked quite beautiful, with her silvery hair becomingly dressed, and in the daintiest of pink-and-white surroundings. Unlike most temporary invalids, the Queen was not a bit sorry for herself, but wanted to be up and doing. The King and the Prince of Wales will stay at Knowsley as the guest of the Earl and Countess of Derby for the Grand National. The Queen will visit Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles at Goldsborough Hall, and the fine Yorkshire air in which Princess Mary rejoices so much will complete her Majesty's recovery.

The new Earl and Countess of Warwick purpose, one hears, to live at Warwick Castle. It is good news that the head of so historic a family is going to live in his historic home, when heads of other great British families have to leave theirs. There will be regret in the district too, for Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, the tenants of the Castle, have endeared themselves to their neighbours, who would be very glad if they found another suitable local habitation. They are Americans, and of the nicest kind, and they love Shakespeare land understandingly and sincerely. Lady Warwick is very handsome and very clever. Unlike her mother-in-law, a great beauty of Victorian times, she is dark-haired and dark-eyed. She is the daughter of a lovely mother, Sybil Lady Eden, who remains picturesquely beautiful, as does the Dowager Countess of Warwick, although they are grandmothers to Lord Brooke, a lad who has this month entered his fourteenth year.

The engagement of Lady Mary Fox-Strangways is of great interest. Since her presentation, she has been considered one of the prettiest and nicest of the girls in Society. Her mother, Lady Ilchester, is the Marquess of Londonderry's only sister, and has the heritage from her mother, the late Lady Londonderry, of being a great lady in manner, bearing, and way of life. Lord Ilchester has the literary bent which was the possession of some of his forbears, and he has recently edited a book about one of them. Of a quiet and studious nature, he yet did fine service during the War, going all over the world on missions for the Government, of which the public knew nothing, but which were of great value and admirably carried through. He has the O.B.E., and is Captain in the Reserve of Officers, Coldstream Guards. Lady Mary has one sister, Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways, who is fifteen years her junior, being now just over six. Lord Stavordale, her elder brother, will be nineteen in October, and her younger brother, the Hon. John Fox-Strangways, is now sixteen.

Captain Herbert is the only son—the only child, indeed—of the late Sir Arthur James Herbert, G.C.V.O., brother next-in-age to Lord Treowen. He was in the Diplomatic Service from 1879 until 1913, and died in 1921. Lady Herbert is the daughter of the late Mr. William Gammell of Rhode Island, U.S.A. Lord Treowen was raised to the Peerage in 1917; he married in 1873 the Hon. Albertina Denison, youngest daughter of the first Lord Lonsborough. Lord Treowen is a distinguished soldier, and retired as Major-General. During the War he was Director of Recruiting and National Service for Wales. Lord and Lady Treowen are greatly interested in Italy, and belong to the Friends of Italy Society. The family of Herbert of Llanarth is an ancient one,

are so charm-brightness to lose their cial pleasures.

both happily a slight touch troublesome sequently, her than so active few friends said by them

descending from Henry FitzHerbert, Chamberlain and Treasurer to Henry I. Captain the Hon. Elidyr Herbert, only son of Lord and Lady Treowen, was killed in action in Palestine. Their only daughter married Mr. Francis Walter Roche, only son of the late Mr. William Francis Roche, of Butter Hill, County Pembroke. The wedding of Captain Herbert and Lady Mary Fox-Strangways will be an event of the season, for the engaged couple are widely connected and have many friends.

Mrs. Winston Churchill has shingled her hair. Some there are who take as much interest in this event as in Mr. Winston's candidature. It is argued that she will look younger, that she will look older, that she will be handsomer than ever, that she won't look nearly so well as she did. There once was an inelegant saying that "a handsome face becomes a dish-clout." "Mrs. Winnie," as she is familiarly known, has so handsome a face that she can wear her hair in any style. All the same, shingling is a limiting thing, and monotony becomes trying. Once the hair is cut off, it cannot be put on again, and, after all, the shingled effect can be obtained without sacrificing the hair. It is said to save trouble, but fresh processes are necessary fairly frequently; it is said to be more comfortable; it is said to be good for the hair. All sorts of things are said to excuse it, but, if it were unbecoming, we may be sure it would not be done. It will give long life to the vogue for small hats, and according to the Biblical theory, will leave us womenkind no glory. A. E. L.



The quaint plissé cuffs are a distinctive note in this graceful wrap of black crêpe Mongol, richly embroidered in soft Japanese colourings. It may be studied in the salons of Goringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. (See page 516.)



Festoons of braid embroidery and skilful touches of Paisley marocain have been chosen by Goringe's to complete this attractive model. (See page 516.)

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



“BLACK & WHITE”
AN EASY FIRST

Fashions and Fancies.

The "Shingled" Effect without "Shingling." In Paris, the head of every fashionable woman is faultlessly "shingled." Over here, women are just as anxious to achieve this boyish appearance, which harmonises so delightfully with the trim silhouette of to-day; but they are more chary of sacrificing their tresses to what may prove but a passing vogue. It is a matter of universal interest, therefore, to learn that a famous hairdresser in London can produce a perfect "shingled" silhouette without cutting the hair. He is also an adept at real "shingling," but this method does not suit every head. The momentous question, therefore, "To shingle or not to shingle?" can be left in no better hands than those of this expert. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to give full particulars regarding the name and address of the hairdresser in question.

Outfits for the Sportswoman.

Every sports enthusiast who is planning her spring outfit should visit Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, W., who are responsible for the workmanlike kit pictured on this page. Well-tailored skirts in soft tweeds, checked boldly or discreetly in every design and colouring, can be made to order from 2½ guineas; and the neat woollen sweater with a becoming round neck is obtainable for 59s. 6d., in any colour. Soft Shetland jerseys, with high necks, are priced at 29s. 6d., and others, with gay Fair Isle borders and adaptable laced collars, at 39s. 6d. each. The diminutive cloche is expressed in French felt



Perfect tailoring is the keynote of this workmanlike skirt of soft tweed in blended shades of brown. Sketched at Fortnum and Mason's, 181, Piccadilly, W.

(price 39s. 6d.), and is comfortably cool and light. It is obtainable with a straight or cut-away brim at the back as desired. Really excellent investments for showery days are the short oilskin coats for 39s. 6d., fitted with pockets, a low belt, and wide sleeves which allow complete freedom of movement. They are available in several colourings, and skirts to match are 32s. Then there are fascinating golf umbrellas, affording practical protection against sun and rain. They are almost twice the normal size, the strong cotton covers being expressed in blue, scarlet, green, or reseda, with brilliantly striped borders. Those with a single frame are 14s. 11d., and with a double one they are 17s. 9d.

Light Wraps for the Spring.

A wide choice of attractive mantles suitable for both spring and summer is to be found at Gorrings, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., and sketched on page 514 are two delightful models which hail from their salons. The one on the left is of black crêpe Mongol, richly embroidered in lovely colourings on fawn bouclé; and the other is of heavy black silk, boasting festoons of braid embroidery and skilful touches of gay Paisley marocain. For 10½ guineas one may become the possessor of a slender coat of black marocain, which develops into two flounces of black-and-white écaré embroidery; while a mantle of black satin-faced marocain, gathered into a deep ruched border, causing it to fall in graceful folds, can be secured for 7½ guineas. It can be worn with equal success as a day or evening wrap. Well-tailored coats in gabardine trimmed with silk braid range from 59s. 6d.; and it should be noted that small sizes are a speciality of this house. Another novelty is the short coat for bridge or tennis, expressed in Paisley printed marocain in a variety of lovely colourings. It is priced at 6 guineas, and is lined throughout with crêpe-de-Chine.

Hats for Every Occasion.

Everyone in search of new hats for the spring should wend their way to Henry Heath's, 105, Oxford Street, W., who are responsible for the attractive hats pictured on page 514. The comfortable pull-on



As light as a thistledown is this neat little French felt cloche, sponsored by Fortnum and Mason.

shape on the extreme left is composed of alternate rows of ribbon and pedal straw; and the second is expressed in pedal and wool of contrasting colours. They are light, useful little-hats, suitable for all occasions. Destined for more important functions are two models in the centre, the one above of jade georgette trimmed with gay velvet flowers of every hue, and the second of green pedal straw, ornamented by a large flat ribbon rose of green and gold, with long ribbon streamers. The two attractive shapes of fur felt, trimmed with wings of the same material, can be secured for 30s. each. They are waterproof and unspottable. Every Henry Heath hat possesses an unmistakable cachet of its own, as each one is made on the premises by expert designers, and models can be obtained from 50s. upwards, expressed in the best straw and carried out in any desired colourings.

Novelty of the Week.

Delightfully stumpy "en-tout-cas," with handsome Japanese carved handles, can be secured for the modest sum of 10s. each. The name and address of the shop where they are obtainable will be given on application to this paper.



This attractive sports jumper of pure wool is expressed in soft tones of blue and green. It may be studied at Fortnum and Mason's.



Cut down High Costs

with a 'GOVERNOR' Patent Motor Lawn Mower. The 'GOVERNOR' is simplicity itself—a boy can learn to operate it in ten minutes, and with it can do as much work in a day as would be done by a man and a large horse-drawn machine in the same time. The great saving of time and labour so effected is apparent.

PRICE
£65
Sent on
7 days
trial.

The 'GOVERNOR' weighs but 2½ cwt. Compare its price with that of any other 22-in. Motor Lawn Mower. Write for our descriptive booklet, you will find it both interesting and profitable.

Guaranteed for Twelve Months

Further, by reason of its efficiency and the constant high speed of the revolving cutters, the 'GOVERNOR' gives a finer cut than is obtainable with any other make. It can be used whether the grass be wet or dry, and is easily manoeuvred at corners, on banks and other difficult places. Invaluable for all who have any extent of grass lawn to maintain.

'GOVERNOR'
MOTOR LAWN MOWER

Built by

John Shaw & Sons Wolverhampton Ltd.
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EASING off a little, now... Nevertheless, his grip on the reins is tight as ever...

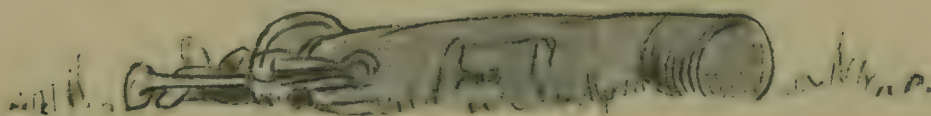
He anticipates what few men in the early sixties realize until too late—the slight and natural retardation of nervous energy. For his mental and physical fitness he trusts to Horlick's Malted Milk. It gives him that little extra in nerve power which keeps him sure.

Moreover, he finds Horlick's Malted Milk remarkably good to drink. It is the original and delicious combination of extracts of wheat flour and malted barley with fresh dairy milk.



At all chemists' in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 15/-. A liberal free sample for trial sent, post free, for 3d. in stamps.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.



For children, Horlick's gives mental and physical fitness—Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.

TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

WITHOUT doubt the gramophone has raised enormously the standard to which an artist must attain before he or she is entitled to be known as a "star." It would surprise many successful artists could they but hear some of the keen and very frank criticism directed at any of their recorded efforts that are not up to standard.

It really seems that success often brings in its train a tendency not so much to slackness as to "slickness." A first-rank artist never performs really badly, but it is quite possible that, after the years of hard practice and the struggle for recognition have been triumphantly waged, a feeling of reaction sets in. And so one finds that, having procured a record by a favourite, the playing of it leaves one with a slight sense of disappointment. The technique is there and the wonderful tone; all the little tricks of training are well to the fore—and yet something is missing. The old satisfaction is not there.

To me the explanation seems to point to a want of care in the finer details, a lack of real inspiration—in short, to the fatal presence of "slickness." What was at one time a feat to be proud of has now become a commonplace. Such a defect is not always apparent at an actual performance, for there is the glamour of the audience on the one hand, and the actual personality of the artist on the other. With a gramophone performance there is no outside help to gloss over any faults, which are revealed in all their crudity and become more irritating with every repetition. This "slickness," or the habit of taking the line of least resistance, is more to be noticed in the records of singers than any other class of artist. Instrumentalists are, in general, more assiduous in their attention to the minutiae of their art. Humourists sometimes offend, and repeat old jokes to save the trouble of thinking out new ones; and this is particularly bad in a record.

Therefore, let artists become neither slipshod nor essay flights into the unsuitable, for they should remember that a far greater proportion of the music-loving public judges them by their records, in these days, than has the opportunity of hearing their personal performances.

SOME RECENT ISSUES.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE."

Two very fine orchestral records claim the attention at once. These are Borodin's "Prince Igor" ballet music, performed by Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Albert Coates; and Delius's

"Brigg Fair," played by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Goossens. The first of these will recall many happy evenings to lovers of the Russian Ballet, for "Prince Igor" was a popular item in their repertoire. The idea of combining the vocal part with the orchestral is particularly good, and the rich Oriental music, with its striking rhythms and vivid colouring, and the wild cries of warriors and



A WONDERFUL RECORD OF THE "DEATH OF BORIS," FOR "HIS MASTER'S VOICE": CHALIAPINE IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "BORIS GODOUNOV."

Chaliapine, the great Russian bass, is here seen in the title-rôle of Moussorgsky's famous opera, "Boris Godounov." His wonderful rendering of this dramatic part is perhaps his finest achievement, and his record of the death song for "His Master's Voice" is one of the most thrilling ever made.

Tartar women, combine to produce an outstanding record. On the other hand, the "Brigg Fair" rhapsody is the direct opposite of the barbaric music of the Borodin number. In this we have a Lincolnshire

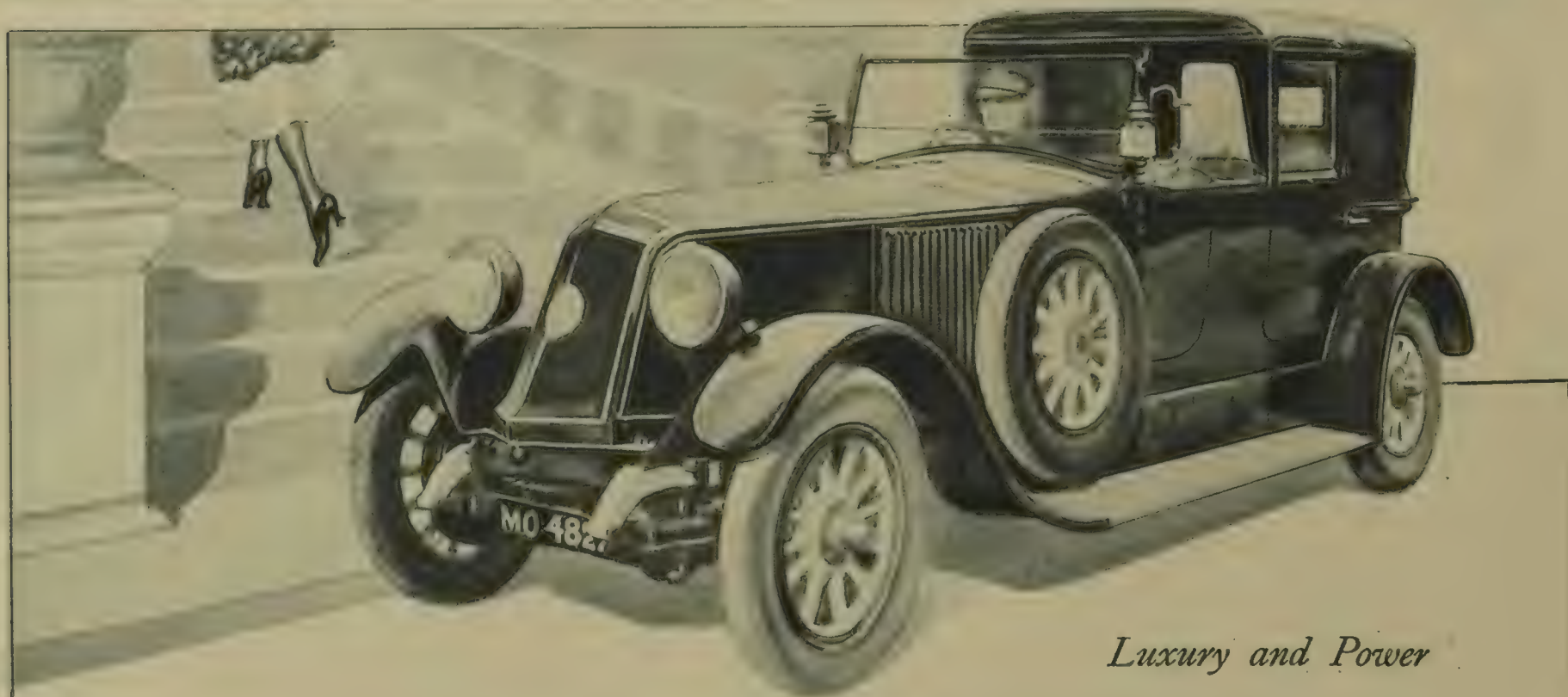
folk-song basis, very melodious and beautifully treated in the composer's happiest mood. "Brigg Fair" takes up three sides, the fourth being devoted to the same composer's little orchestral gem, "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." Piano records are plentiful. We have Backhaus, one of the finest of the pre-war record makers, making his return with Liszt's "Liebesträume—No. 3," and Dohnany's transcription of Delibes' "Naila" waltz, both very beautifully played. The Countess Helena Morsztyn has chosen the Chopin Scherzo in B minor (Op. 31) for her first record, and gives a first-rate account thereof; Moiseivitch, who is now back from an extended tour abroad, adds two new solos to his repertoire—the 51st Mazurka of Chopin and Moussorgsky's "Gopak."

Of the vocal records issued by this company first mention must be made of Chaliapine's wonderful record of the "Death of Boris," from "Boris Godounov," one of the most thrilling ever made. Anseau, the Belgian tenor, is heard in an aria from Gluck's "Orphée"; Florence Austral displays her powers in "Virgin Mother, hear me," an air from Verdi's early opera, "La Forza del Destino"; and Leila Megane sings a suave melody from Massenet's "Thérèse." There are, of course, some popular items and many excellent dance records.

"COLUMBIA."

An attractive list of new issues boasts another movement from Gustav Holst's fine suite, "The Planets." This is played by the London Symphony Orchestra and conducted by the composer. This section, "Saturn" (The Bringer of Old Age), is well worth study, and makes a notable addition to a remarkable series of records of modern orchestral works. Another welcome item for orchestra is Lalo's two Aubades in D minor and G minor for strings and wood-wind, of which a charming rendering is given by Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra. In the chamber music section there is the complete recording of the Brahms Sonata for Violin and Piano, admirably played by Messrs. Arthur Catterall and William Murdoch. Ulysses Lappas has a tremendously powerful tenor voice, and is heard in "Ch'ella mi creda," from "The Girl of the Golden West," and an air from "Manon Lescaut" ("Tra vai belle"). Edna Thomas sings two more negro "Spirituals"—"I wanna be ready," which has a very haunting rhythm, and "Tone de Bell." The list also includes some popular items and the "hits" from "Madame Pompadour," as well as a number of excellent dance records.

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Four Wheel Brakes.

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Rely on March to come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, and the crafty fellow will reverse the roles. Don't let him bluff you. Don't stir out of the house these many-weathered days without a trusty Zambrene—porous yet proof against wind and rain, light, warm and enduring.

“Zambrene”
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for all weathers and all wearers

THE BEST RUBBERLESS RAINCOATS



Curling was a popular pastime in Scotland in the 17th Century. In recent times it has been somewhat eclipsed by Golf; but nothing has eclipsed the popularity of SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE, that perfect blend of the finest American and Oriental Tobaccos.

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RADIO NOTES.

NEARLY seven hundred thousand wireless licenses had been issued to the public by Feb. 29. As to how many listeners use valve sets and how many use crystal sets, it is difficult to judge; but it is believed that crystal sets are in the majority. That this should be so is accounted for, no doubt, by the fact that crystal sets are simple to use and cheap to buy or to construct. Latterly, however, radio manufacturers have seen the wisdom of producing valve sets, at a moderate price, which are the essence of simplicity in operation. The general tendency is to provide a set employing two valves—one high frequency and the other as detector. Some makers declare that all British Broadcast stations may be heard with this type of set, which is tuned by only two or three knobs. Without additional apparatus, however, it is difficult, if not impossible, with such apparatus to tune in a distant station whilst the local station is transmitting, especially when the respective wave-lengths are separated by only a few metres. Where such a set is installed twenty or thirty miles from the nearest broadcasting station, it is possible, usually, to select any station desired, without interference from another.

Another factor which makes for simplicity in valve sets is the use of dull emitter valves which require only dry batteries to heat the filaments—accumulators being unnecessary. These batteries, together with the high-tension battery, are included inside the box or cabinet holding the rest of the apparatus; thus, such sets are self-contained, and only require to be connected with aerial and earth and telephones or loud-speaker. Used ten miles or so from a broadcasting station, these sets will operate with the aid of an indoor aerial.

Amongst the large number of listeners there are many, possibly, who are content to listen always to the local station, and for those a crystal set will suffice, enabling three or four people to hear from the same set, with the necessary pairs of telephones. Most listening-in takes place in the evenings, and in many homes the presence of the family "wireless" expert is necessary before other listeners

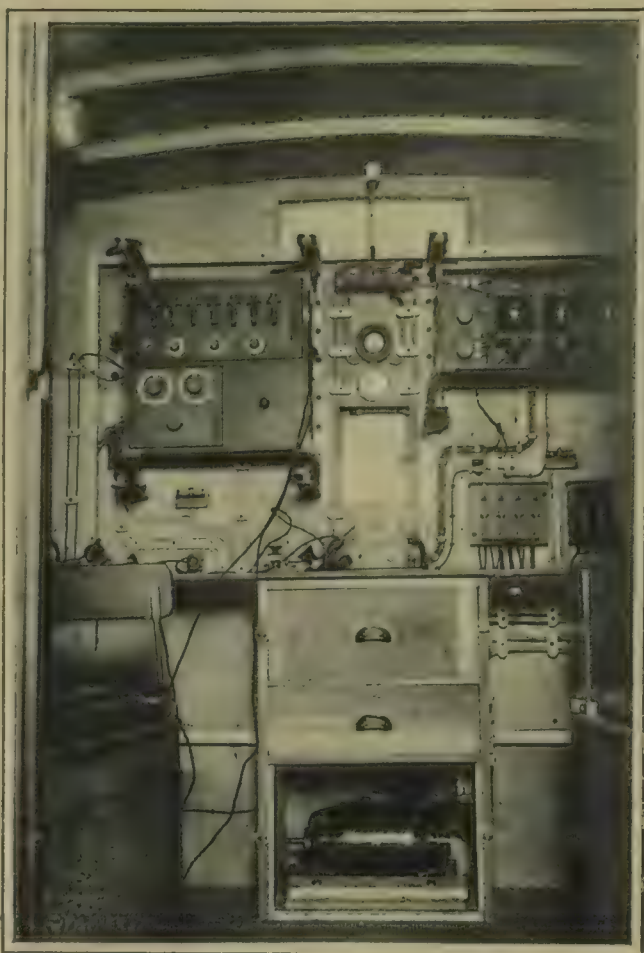
may enjoy the broadcast programmes, especially when valve sets are in use. It is possible, however, with good receiving-sets, either valve or

crystal, to leave them in adjustment, enabling those at home to listen to afternoon broadcasts during the absence of the expert. Provided that a crystal set has a good detector, not easily thrown out of adjustment, the set is always ready for reception by merely wearing the telephones. Likewise a valve set may be left adjusted to the wave-length of the local station, which may be heard whenever transmissions are in progress, by switching on the filament current.

For the use of invalids, who may desire to listen or to switch off as the mood dictates, a single dull-emitter valve set is about the simplest and most reliable kind to install. A receiver of this type may be made to contain the necessary working parts, including high-tension battery and filament battery. After adjustment of the coils to tune in the local station, the entertainment may be heard, whenever broadcasting is in progress, by wearing the 'phones after removing them from a clip which, released from the weight of the 'phones, automatically switches on the filament current. When the telephones are replaced in the clip after use, the current is broken, and the life of the battery is preserved. Another point of interest with the single dull-emitter valve set is that, at a distance of six to ten miles from 2LO London Broadcasting Station, the valve functions quite well on only eight volts of the high-tension battery. The filament is heated by an ordinary one-volt battery, of the type used for electric bells.

In the upper room in which such a set was installed by the writer, an aerial consisting of forty feet of electric-bell wire is hung along three walls of the room to picture-hooks. The earth wire is connected from the set to a metal fender in front of the fireplace, and not to a water-pipe, as usual.

Those of our readers who heard the first of Sir William Bragg's talks on "The Atoms of which Things are Made," which was broadcast last Monday from all stations, will be interested to know that his series of six lectures at the Royal Institution, entitled "Concerning the Nature of Things," is to be published in *The Illustrated London News* in article form, accompanied by numerous explanatory drawings. W. H. S.



RADIO-TELEPHONY FOR THE POLICE: SCOTLAND YARD'S MOBILE INSTALLATION.

Communication may now be maintained between the Metropolitan Police Headquarters at Scotland Yard, and its representatives, whilst the latter are travelling in a special motor car fitted with radio-telephony receiving and transmitting sets. Our illustration depicts the interior of the vehicle with the apparatus, which transmits, on a wave-length of 265 metres, the voice of the travelling operator, and receives on a wave-length of 730 metres instructions from Headquarters.—[Photograph by Topical.]

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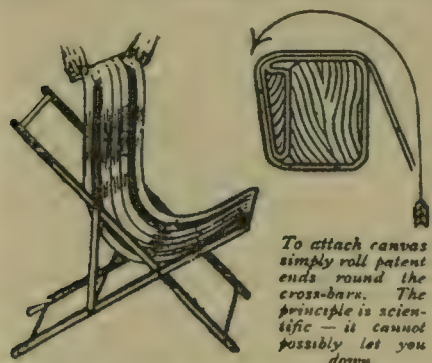
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tear through the fabric, no trouble. You simply put it there and it stays fixed—safer than the ordinary nailed-on canvas. And for cleaning purposes or reversing the fabric the Collier Chair Canvas is taken off as easily and quickly as it is put on. The pattern being woven right through, both sides are exactly alike.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Road Racing in England?

If a Bill promoted in Parliament at the instance of the Auto-Cycle Union should pass into law, we may see road racing as popular in England as it is in France and Italy. The Bill in question seeks



FOR THE WINNER OF THE R.A.C. SMALL CAR TRIALS: THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" CUP.

This elegant sterling silver richly gilt cup and cover, surmounted with a figure of Mercury, was manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 158-162, Oxford Street, W.1, for presentation by the "Daily Chronicle" to the winner of the R.A.C. Small Car Trials.

benefited is demonstrated by the keen competition between districts in France to have the Grand Prix and similar events held over their roads.

powers to close certain selected roads, with the concurrence of the local authority concerned, on a specified number of days, for the purpose of holding motor-cycle races. The Bill has passed its first reading, and a second has been promised at an early date. All the omens seem favourable for its passage through the House, and if it should become law, next year may see racing begun. There is no logical reason why it should not pass, because the experience gained in the Isle of Man, in France, and in Italy shows that there is no public inconvenience caused by the closing of roads on a lonely circuit. On the contrary, even if there is a little local inconvenience, it is more than compensated by the great influx of visitors who desire to witness the racing, and who bring a great deal of money into the district. How greatly such localities are

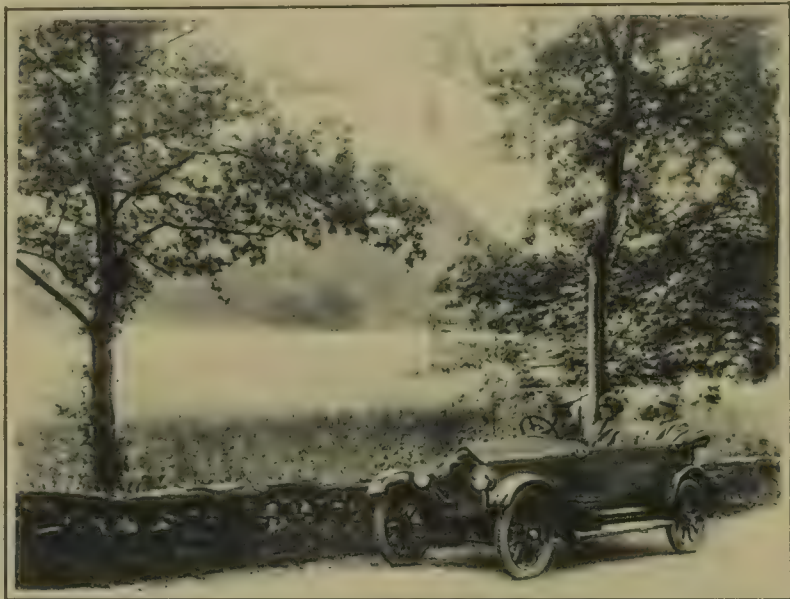
From the point of view of danger, while it would be idle to pretend that motor racing is as safe as, let us say, Badminton, the fact is that, if we take the percentage of accidents which occur during practice and in the actual races, it really is quite a safe sport. It is no more dangerous than steeplechasing, on the figures. That is, so far as the participants are concerned. As to danger to spectators, of course there must always be some danger present; but, again taking the experience of the Isle of Man and the Continent, it has been amply shown that this factor is actually negligible. I do not recollect a single accident in the Isle of Man involving injury to spectators, and motor road races have been held in the island regularly for more than twenty years.

Why Not Cars? The Bill, as I have noted, is confined to seeking permission to

race motor-cycles. I suggest that the R.A.C. should take the necessary steps to have cars included in the permissive clauses of the Bill. If that is not done, it seems to follow that, even if the Bill should become law, the racing of cars would still be just as illegal as it is now. The view hitherto taken by the club seems to have been that it was utterly hopeless to ask the Government for permission to hold races in England. As the executive of the club is in an excellent position to know the views of the Government, this probably has been true in the past; but, if one is to judge by the reception so far accorded by the House of Commons to the Bill in question, that attitude would appear to have been modified. In any case, the Bill is before Parliament, and no harm at all can be done by asking that its provisions should be extended to include car races. Considering the good such races do to the motor industry, and the enormous interest that would be taken in racing by the general public, I think it is altogether desirable that the Bill should go the whole hog.

The "Single Six" Packard.

If there is anybody who thinks that the American automobile engineer produces nothing but the woolly-engined car of the type made familiar by the cheap "production" cars that come to us across the Atlantic, let me recommend him to try the "Single Six" Packard. The Packard is known as one of the few really high-grade cars produced in the United States; but how good it really is one does not appreciate until a road trial has demonstrated that here is a car which is in every respect fit to stand comparison with the best which emanates from the factories of Europe. I recently had a Packard placed at my disposal by the concessionaires, Messrs. The W. C. Gaunt Company, and I must say that the comparatively short trial I was able to give it was an unalloyed pleasure. No matter from what point of view the car is judged, it stands out as a real "quality"



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[Continued overleaf.]

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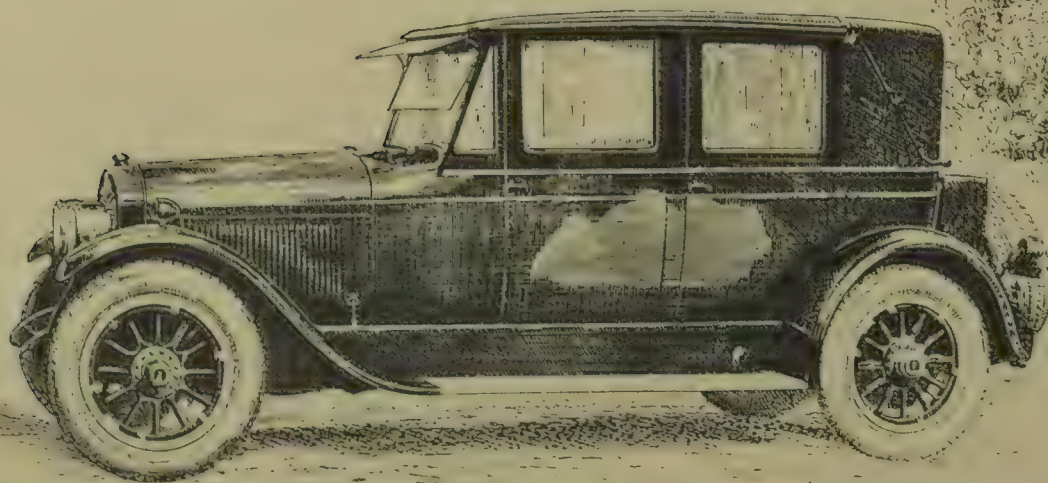
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The coachwork details are equally good. The car I tried was an open five-seated tourer, with all-weather equipment of side-curtains. Comfortable—indeed, luxurious—it was refined in its design, and left nothing wanting for the convenience of the passengers. Taken all round, this Packard model impressed me greatly. It is a car which one could recommend unhesitatingly to the would-be purchaser of a really high-grade vehicle. As American prices are judged, the Packard is an expensive car. The open touring car costs £910 on a 10 ft. 6 in. wheel-base chassis, though another model with a wheel-base of 11 ft. 1 in. is supplied at a somewhat higher price. This includes the latest system of four-wheel braking. As I say, these prices are high in comparison, but they carry the comforting reflection that nowhere, not even in America, is it possible to turn out a first-class car at a second or third class price. I consider the Packard very good value indeed.

Hydraulic Brakes.

Is the next development of motor-car construction likely to take the shape of a hydraulic braking system? It rather looks like it, in view of the close attention that is being paid to the principle. There is no particular difficulty surrounding the problem, though the one snag is a very serious matter. Hydraulic brakes would be perfect if only it could be ensured that there could be no possible leakage of pressure. Obviously, leakage means that the whole of the braking system fails.

The difficulty of securing the ideal lies mainly in the fact that the initial power for operation must be generated on the chassis, which is comparatively rigid, but the brakes must be applied on the axles, which are in a state of constant movement. This means that there must be a system of flexible connections between the two, and it is here that the danger lies. However, the difficulty ought not to prove insurmountable. It is not, as a matter of fact, because hydraulic braking was well tested on the Duesenberg racers which won the Grand Prix in 1921. It showed up very well then, and I believe the system has been used with considerable success in the design of touring-cars of the same make. I do not think there is much doubt that the system is likely to be very largely developed in the near future, because of its inherent merits.

W. W.

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE CONSCIENCE OF GAVIN BLANE. By W. E. NORRIS. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

Gavin Blane was the son of a retired Colonial Governor, who indulged in unwise speculation and died, leaving his family in unexpected "poverty," as that very elastic word is understood in Onslow Square. There was nothing but the widow's miserable twelve thousand. "Her son (the conscientious Gavin) had not the heart to say to her, 'You will have to live on something like £500 a year.' " What trials some people have to put up with! A rich uncle saved the situation by leaving Gavin a large fortune, but afterwards a letter turned up in which the testator expressed his intention of revoking the will in favour of his own scapegrace son. This discovery it was that pricked Gavin's conscience, with scruples concerning his moral right to the inheritance, and the story turns mainly on his consequent proceedings.

THE COMEDY OF PETER TAUNTON. By G. P. ROBINSON. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

Peter was a budding barrister, and the comedy in which he "plays lead" contains such hilarious episodes as a murder, with the subsequent trial, and a revolver affray which very nearly came into the same category. Peter's relation to the first case was that of a Junior Counsel for the prosecution, and it gave him the chance to make his mark at the Bar. The second affair touched him more nearly. Crime in fiction, as a rule, is approached from the standpoint either of the detective or the criminal. It is a welcome change to see it from a forensic angle, and to listen to unofficial comments in a K.C.'s chambers. The professional pursuits, as well as the love affairs, of several young Ciceros are described with much witty dialogue and a good grasp of character.

SILK: A LEGEND. By SAMUEL MERWIN. (Constable; 7s. 6d. net.)

Silk of another sort than that associated with King's Counsel (as in the last-mentioned novel) forms the subject of Mr. Merwin's "legend." It is the silk that was made on the borders of China two thousand years ago, when Jan Po, the hero of the tale, "journeyed across the rim of the known world to the land where ruled Roxana, alluring Queen of Balkh," descended from Alexander the Great. The story tells how Jan Po "was troubled by the madness of Love, and of the marvellous adventures that came to him unbidden." It is prefaced, in the manner of a modern play programme, with a list of "the principal persons of the narrative in the order in which their names occur." Among them are a Chinese Prince, a slave-girl, a lexicographer, some generals, and Kan Ying, "the 'five-bottle' poet and first Chinese explorer of the Persian region." The book is a remarkable *tour de force* into the atmosphere of Oriental antiquity.

THE FORTUNES OF A HOUSEHOLD. By HERMAN ROBBERS. (George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

The household whose fortunes are described here is that of an Amsterdam printer-publisher, and the author is a well-known Dutch novelist, whose book has been translated by Helen Chilton and Bernard Miall. Who was it that originally said, "Barabbas was a publisher"? A note on the "jacket" of this novel recalls that the same gibe was made by Robert Buchanan, and the allusion lends irony to the fact that a publisher's career should be recorded by Mr. Robbers. The apologist of the "jacket" continues: "Since then a large number of publishers have become baronets," and this distinction may well clear their characters; unless, indeed, they became baronets like Sir Despard Murgatroyd, of Ruddigore? None will deny, however, that "a novel about a publisher's life—domestic and business—which shows him merely as a human being, with plenty of troubles of his own, should interest both those for whom he caters and those who cater for him."

LAURA OF THE MIST. By ELDON WARD. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

For a woman to discover that her husband is a drug-taker, and, as the habit grows upon him, to find consolation herself in the sympathetic friendship of another man, ripening decorously into a warmer sentiment, is a situation commoner in fiction, it is to be hoped, than in real life. Such is the "triangle" of this story, which concerns people of position—in the Diplomatic Service, and so on—who travel a good deal on the Continent. "Laura of the Mist" is the title of a picture for which the heroine, in her spinster days, had posed as model, thus acquiring social fame when it was hung in the Academy and became the talk of the town.

THE PASSING OF THE PENGWERN. By MARGARET M. LEIGH. (Heinemann; 6s. net.)

The Pengwerns were an old Cornish family who had seen more exalted days, and the story shows them lapsed into decay, and either dying off in a state of morbid discontent, or else emigrating from what was to them by no means a "delectable duchy." Cornwall is usually chosen by novelists as a scene of summer romance, but this author dwells on its grim and wintry aspect. Her tale is told through the mouth of a London schoolmistress, who has edited the diary of one of the luckless Pengwern girls, and somehow it grips the reader in spite of its melancholy atmosphere and irritating people. It does not, however, fulfil the expectations roused in the publisher's summary by the phrases "fear-haunted" and "terrifying unearthliness" applied to the inmates of Lanspern Rectory. The worst thing about that cheerless house was that the Rector had lost his faith, but had not the pluck or enterprise to surrender his living as honesty demanded.

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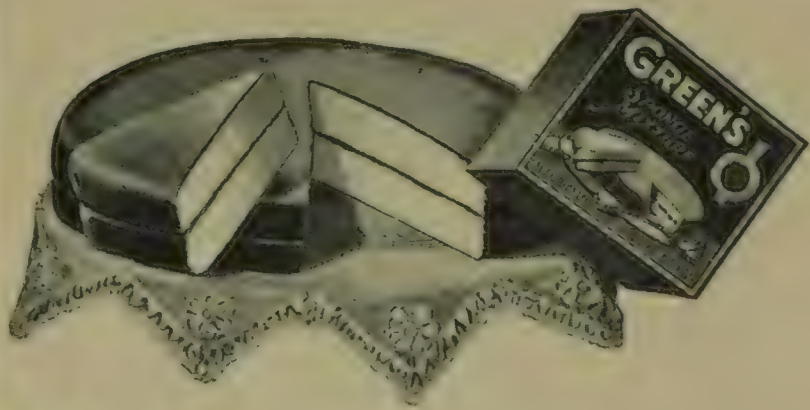
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"THE FARMER'S WIFE" AT THE COURT.

WHATEVER you may think of the group of oddities Mr. Eden Phillpotts assembles in his comedy of "The Farmer's Wife"—and he really ought to know something about Devon types—there is no blinking the fact that he provides a laughable evening's entertainment; and if his plot has its artificialities and stresses the old Gilbertian joke at the expense of the spinster, much may be forgiven to a play which abounds in high spirits and wit. Not that the farmer whose adventures in search of a second wife supply the backbone of Mr. Phillpotts' story is its most amusing figure. You chuckle as you watch him being rejected successively by the available women he has marked down for attack, and you laugh outright when the ladies, one and all, repent and seek a second chance too late, their suitor having already consoled himself with his own very comely and sensible housekeeper. Good fun as is the farmer on his sentimental mission, or excited Miss Fapper who is too busy over her party to give him proper attention, or the post-mistress who receives his proposal with a fit of hysterics, the best moments of the play are the comments of the delightfully named hired man, Churdles Ash, a caustic old bachelor, whose every speech is rich in humour and a quaint philosophy. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke puts life and individuality into this character, so that we can believe in him, as well as enjoy his sallies. His is first-rate acting; and a good second to his performance is the stolid ploughman lover of Mr. Cohn Keith-Johnston, not so long ago a felicitous Adam in Mr. Shaw's "Methuselah" cycle. Mr. Melville Cooper works hard as the farmer. Miss Isabel Thornton is only too realistic with her hysterics, and Miss Phyllis Shand and Miss Eileen Beldon make a neat contrast of the farmer's two young daughters; but it is Churdles Ash who keeps the play and its persons together, and if Mr. Barry Jackson scores a success at the Court with "The Farmer's Wife," as he certainly should, it will be due almost as much to Mr. Hardwicke's art as to Mr. Phillpotts' sense of humour.

"THE FAKE," AT THE APOLLO.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle should be more lucky with his second managerial venture than with his first. "The Fake," for which Mr. Frederick Lonsdale is responsible, has a bold idea behind it, as well as two highly unpleasant characters in its scheme; and when one of these latter is ruthlessly deprived of his life, the



A TITIAN FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA, AT MELBOURNE: A PORTRAIT OF A FRANCISCAN MONK.

This Titian, painted about 1555-60, is on view for a short time at the National Gallery. It has been purchased for the National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, with moneys of the Felton Bequest. Messrs. Agnew bought it in Italy last year.

Photograph by Cooper.

audience, far from being shocked, thoroughly approves of the hero's violence. Mr. Tearle plays the hero in question, who is a surprise in more ways than

one. Not to put too fine a point on his conduct, Geoffrey Sands murders the drunken, drug-soaked waster who for six years of married life has tortured Mavis Pillick, and he does not murder his man out of love for Mavis. Acting as a sort of amateur Providence, or *Dieu vengeur*, he empties an overdose of cocaine into his victim's glass of whisky, and secures a coroner's verdict of suicide. He tells the truth, however, to Mavis's father, and dares him to reveal the facts, threatening, if he does, to expose him for the humbug and heartless snob he has always been. For it was this father who made the marriage, and would have kept the couple together at the risk of his daughter's health. The trouble is that murder might become a habit with Geoffrey Sands. Mr. Lonsdale does not face that problem, and, fortunately for him, the theatre is not a law court; otherwise playgoers might have to return a different verdict from that they seem to give at the Apollo on Sands's crime. Mr. Tearle makes a breezy and assured hero; and there is good work done by Mr. Francis Lester, Miss Helen Haye, Miss Henrietta Watson, and Miss Muriel Alexander; but the most impressive acting is that of Mr. Franklyn Bellamy, who puts imagination and thought into his study of dipsomania; and that of Mr. Allan Jeayes as the "fake." Nor should Miss Una O'Connor's bright little sketch of a waitress be overlooked; it comes late, but leaves its mark.

Since the new railway grouping came into force fifteen months ago, the time-tables of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, which now comprises 5001 stations (2508 passenger and 2403 goods, apart from Ireland) have been available to the public only in three sections—one volume each for the Western, Midland, and Northern divisions. All three are now to be combined into one volume to cover the whole system. The three-volume time-table contained 735 pages, and cost the public 9d. or 3d. for each volume. The combined volume will comprise about 500 pages, and will be sold at not more than sixpence, although the cost to the company is considerably more. It will be one of the largest railway guides in the world.



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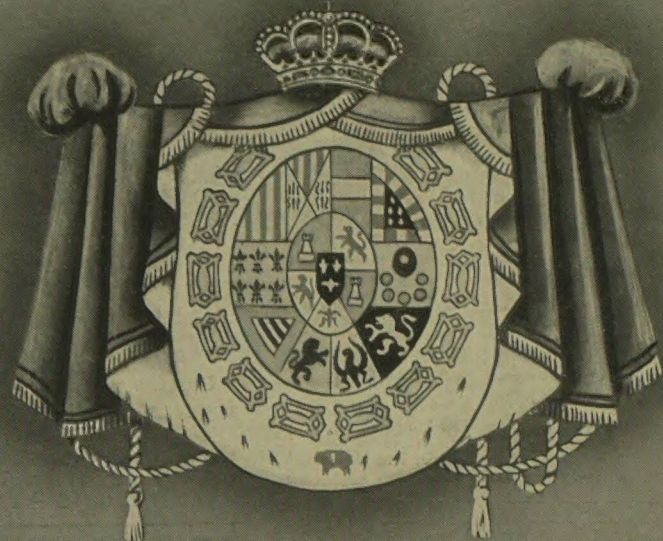


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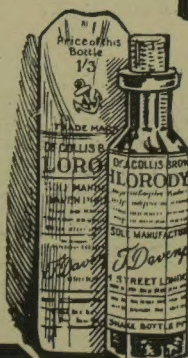
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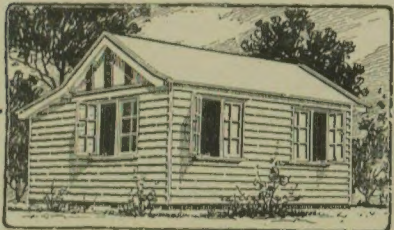
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Mr. Harold Smith, of 203, Gloucester Road, Croydon, writes: "My son, aged two, who was born in Cologne, where I was serving in the Royal Corps of Signals, suffered from a rash from the time of his landing in England until two months ago. I tried all sorts of medicines and took advice and treatment, but without success. Then I tried Germolene, and also gave the baby Germelets, and used Germolene Aseptic Soap. Very quickly he ceased to fret, the irritation stopped, and now his skin is free from any sign of rash. Germolene has saved myself and my wife a lot of worry and expense. I used only two small boxes of ointment and two cartons of the tablets to effect a cure."

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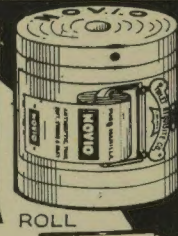
See "Lancet's" opinion, 27th July, 1907.

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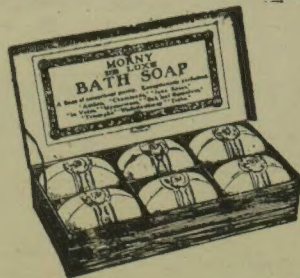
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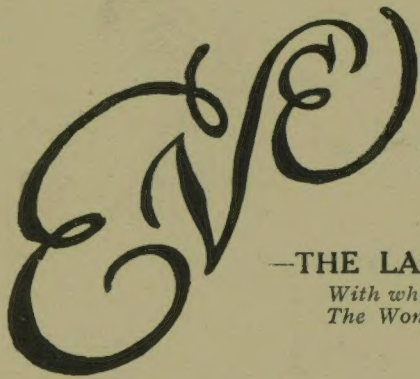
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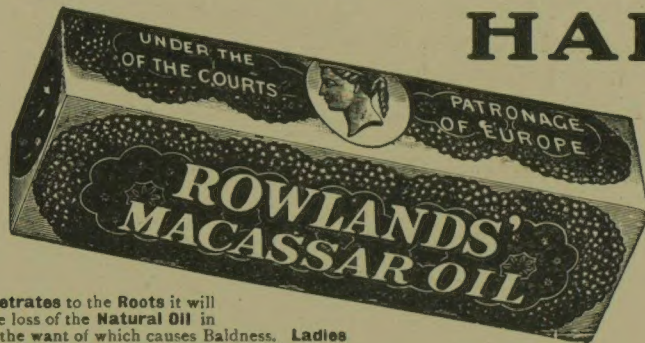
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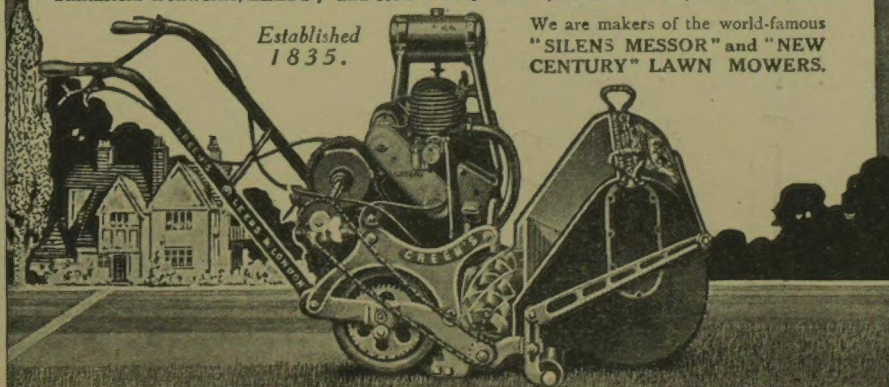
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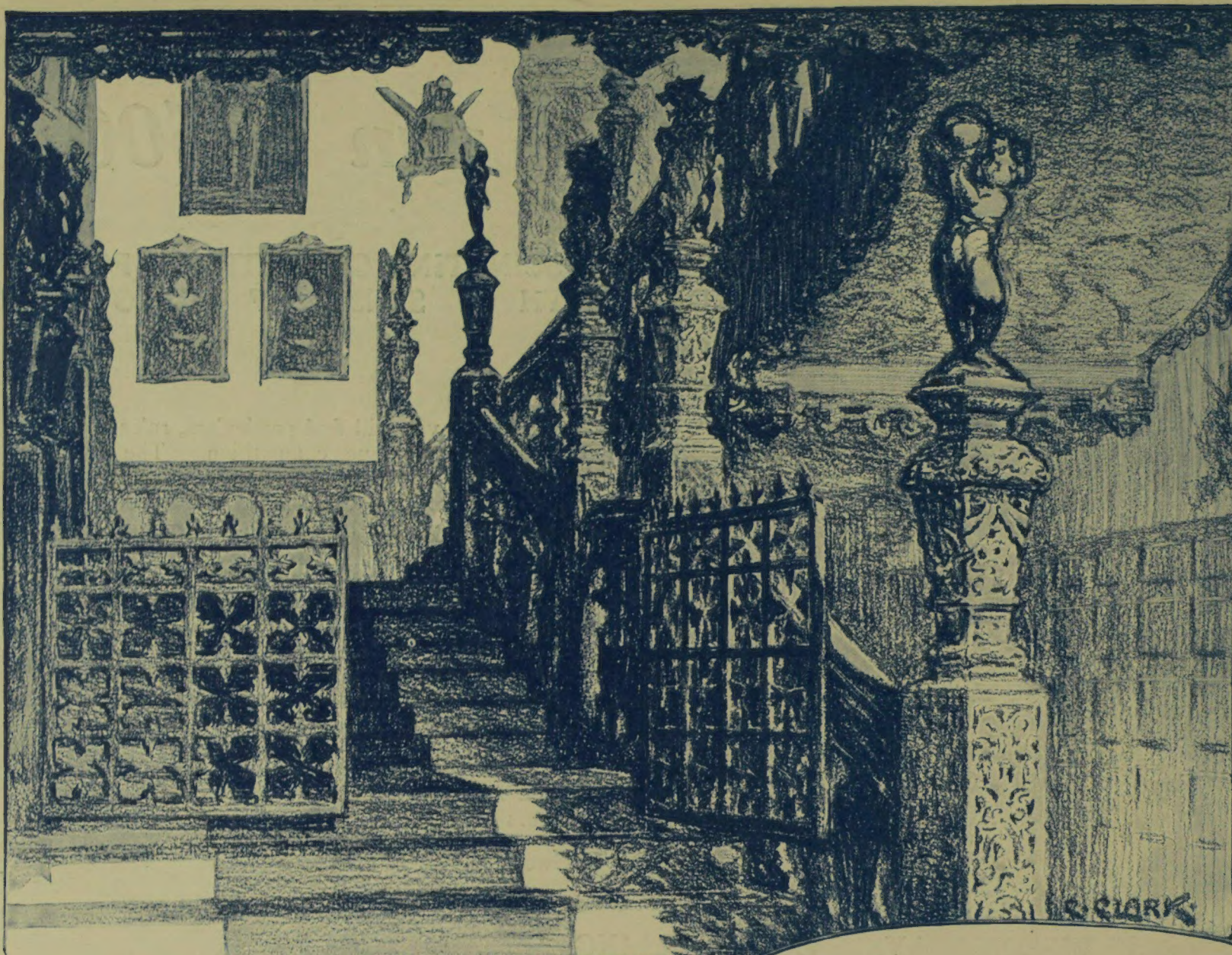
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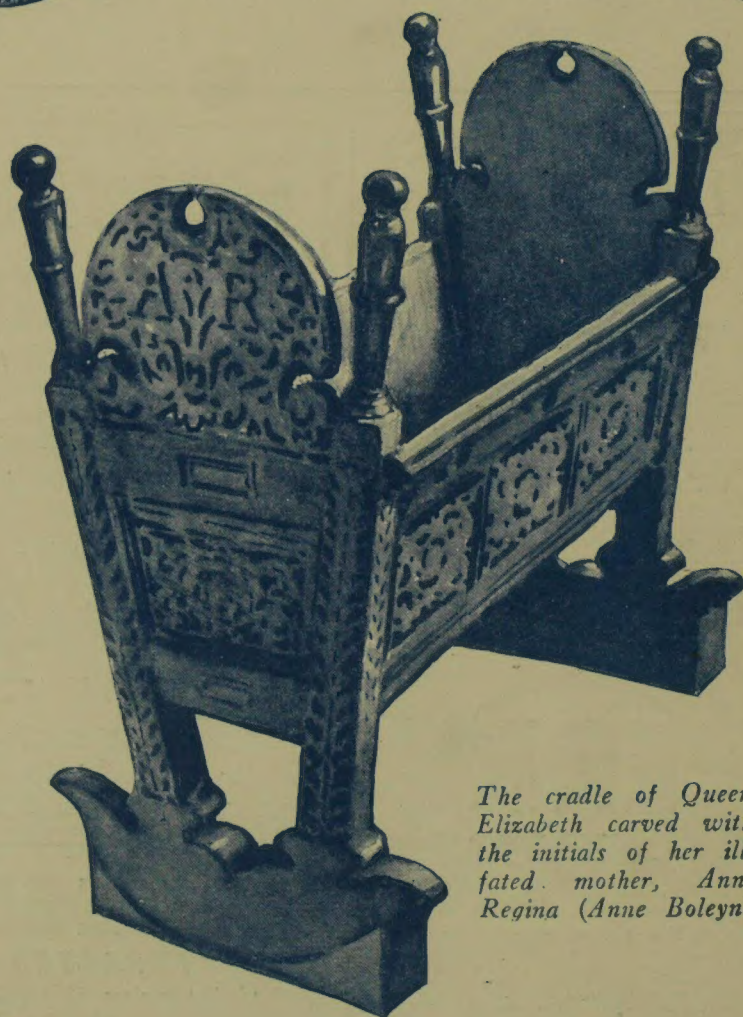
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The Great Staircase

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